

THE MUSIC REVIEW

August, 1960

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Edited by GEOFFREY SHARP

VOL. XXI, NO. 3

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by

MAURICE J. E. BROWN

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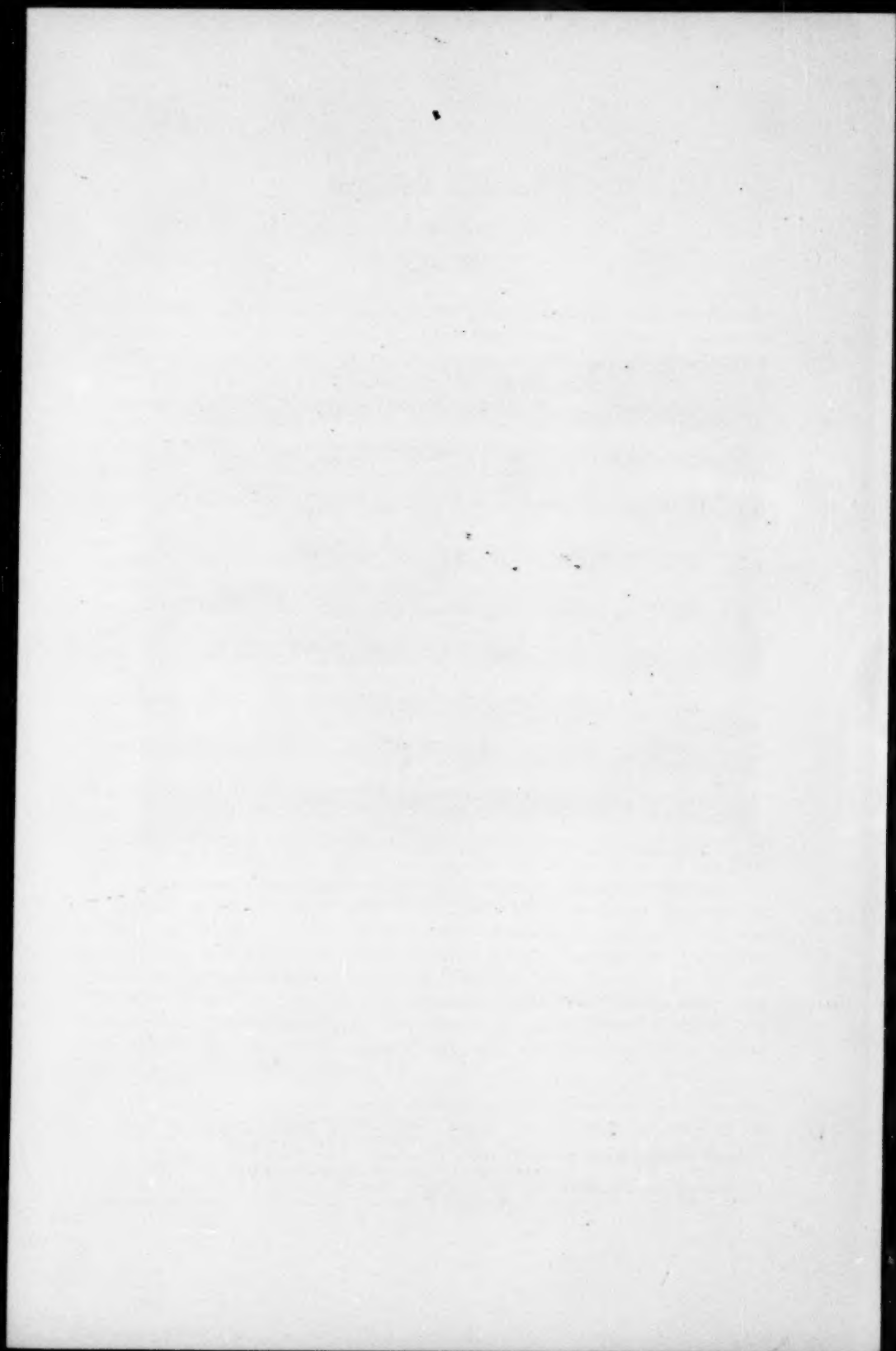
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Handle's Clarinet

BY

JAN LA RUE

DID Handel really write for the clarinet? This question has drawn considerable attention in recent years, yet the evidence and arguments cannot be considered entirely conclusive.¹ Now, unexpectedly in an early American source, we find Handel's name again linked with the clarinet. Once more the evidence is controversial; but the gradual accumulation of bits and pieces may eventually solve the puzzle.

The piece in question, a trio for two unspecified trebles and bass, occurs twice in *Silas Dickinson's Book*, a manuscript collection of fingering charts and popular tunes dating from about 1800.² On page 35 we find "Handle's Clarinet", two treble parts together, in the key of D; the bass part in C[!] follows on page 55. Later, on page 93, we find a score of all three parts together, transposed to the key of C, and with the title corrected (see opposite). This second version contains an upbeat not found in the first version, and there are other minor variants that make it slightly more interesting. For harmony teachers it should be noted that the fine parallels in bar two occur in both versions.

Dr. J. M. Coopersmith has kindly searched his monumental thematic catalogue of Handel's works³ and reports no traces of this piece. He finds the tune not particularly Handelian. To me it immediately recalled the *Beggars' Opera*: compare bars 3-4 with the second phrase of "Why, how now, Madam Flirt"; and the semiquaver figure just after the double bar somewhat resembles the march from *Rinaldo*, again used in the *Beggars' Opera* as "Let us take the road". Almost identical turns occur in the march mentioned below and in a collection of pieces of this sort, *Warlike Musick* (London, ca. 1760).⁴ But these specific resemblances merely echo generic martial flourishes of the time. No more positive identification of "Handle's Clarinet" has yet appeared.

Handel would have been pleased to know what a dominant figure he cut in the New World. In *Silas Dickinson's Book* the only composer mentioned prominently is Handel. In addition to "Handle's Clarinet" we find other pieces by the same composer, such as "Handle's Fire Musick" (p. 39) and "Handle's March" (p. 123), the latter an arrangement from "See the conqu'ring hero comes" (*Judas Maccabeus*). Even more inaccurate is the "March in Ship[sic] Scipio" (p. 121), titled without composer, though recognizable despite mutilations as Handel's *Scipione*.

¹ See R. B. Chatwin, "Handel and the Clarinet", *Galpin Society Journal*, III (1950), pp. 3-8.

² New York Public Library *MYR, Mus. Res. Amer.

³ J. M. Coopersmith, "A Thematic Index of the Printed Works of Georg Friedrich Händel", vols. II-XII of unpublished dissertation, Harvard University, 1932.

⁴ Cited by Caldwell Titcomb, "Baroque Court and Military Trumpets and Kettledrums: Technique and Music", *Galpin Society Journal*, IX (1956), p. 78.

As for the clarinet piece itself, the chief point of interest concerns its trumpeting style. Handel's known pieces for clarinet, notably the Sonata for Two Clarinets and Horn⁶ use many trumpet figures, but at the same time require a gamut unavailable on the natural trumpet. The case in "Handle's Clarinet" is similar both in the trio texture and the handling of the upper parts: despite the trumpet atmosphere, the *a'* of bar 2 and the leading tones of bar 4 would seem to eliminate trumpets from consideration for the second part, at least.

Actually, however, the presence of *a'* and *b'* in the second part does not firmly exclude the trumpet. These "lipped" notes not in the harmonic series can occasionally be found in genuine trumpet music. The second trumpet part of a *Marche royale*⁶ in the Philidor collection contains several uses of *b'*, and the *Capriccio detto del Carducci* in Fantini's trumpet method⁷ contains the identical *g'-a'-g'* triplet figure found in "Handle's Clarinet". Thus, Silas Dickinson's new material furnishes only new points of obfuscation. In the previous cases, parts seemingly for trumpets may have been played by clarinets; now, a piece titled for clarinets may actually have been played by trumpets—a new and perverse counterpoint to the question of clarinets in Handel.

⁶ G. F. Händel, *Sonata for Two Clarinets and Horn*, ed. J. M. Coopersmith and Jan La Rue. New York: Mercury Music, 1950.

⁶ Example 2 in Caldwell Titcomb's "Carrousel Music at the Court of Louis XIV", *Essays on Music in Honour of Archibald Thompson Davison* (Cambridge, Massachusetts, 1957) p. 211.

⁷ Girolamo Fantini, *Modo per Imparare a sonare di Tromba* (Frankfort, 1638; facs. reprint: Milano, 1934) p. 46.

Josef Lanner: a further Appraisal

BY

PHILIP T. BARFORD

JOSEF LANNER's later dances have tremendous verve, and abound in beautiful melodies. In all his output, even in a grandiose piece like his last composition—a long Bolero—he maintains his individual blend of lyrical sweetness and rhythmic vitality.



It is a mistake, of course, to suppose that Lanner had a merely introductory function in the history of the dance. His mature waltzes, in length, in melodic invention, and in sophistication are as fascinating as those of the elder Strauss. And bearing in mind the difference of temperament between the two men as it is expressed in their music—the more gentle romanticism of Lanner and the almost ferocious *attacca* of Strauss—we should properly regard them as two early masters of the same *genre*, each revealing kaleidoscopic possibilities in the new dance-form. My own view is that Lanner's vein of poetry and often rather melancholy sentiment was later explored with greater technical resource in the dances of Josef Strauss, whom the composer of *The Beautiful Blue Danube* once insisted was "the greatest of us all".

It has been said that the elder Strauss strove towards a symphonic idealization of the dance which was only achieved by his sons. This is held to be evident in the steadily lengthening introductions, and in the recapitulatory coda sections of the waltzes, in which there is often some show of development. Exactly the same tendency is apparent in Lanner's waltzes. *Hexen-Tänze*, *opus* 203, has seventy-five bars of prelude matter, quite highly-coloured in their dramatic effect. The coda not only recapitulates some of the themes but also indulges in a little tonal witchery—mysterious *pp* chords and *ff* jabs of sound. There is as much "development" in Lanner's codas as there is in those of his better-known contemporary.

Both composers obviously learned from one another and trod the same path together. Despite their separation and antagonism they undoubtedly kept a close watch upon one another's achievements, and were not above using a good

idea invented by the other. It seems, for instance, that Lanner's *Musikverein Tänze*¹ supplied Strauss with a motive in his waltz *Künstlerball Tänze*, opus 150:

Ex. 2



Together, they built up a fund of rhythmic and melodic devices—sometimes merely “gimmicks”—which dominated the subsequent history of the waltz. Thus, any composer who circumscribed his melodic inspiration by the syncopated triple beat of the Viennese waltz was inevitably drawn towards rhythmic patterns already formulated by Lanner and Strauss. Indeed, many themes and harmonic sequences in Lanner's music especially seem like the parent motives which inspired later composers of dance music. In many a waltz by the younger Strauss, we seem to catch the reflection of an earlier motive by Lanner:

Ex. 3



An intensive search would probably reveal the immanence of many Lannerian archetypes in the music of the Strausses. The introductory *arpeggio* of Lanner's opus 200, the famous *Die Schönbrunner* waltz, is a crude anticipation of the first waltz in *An der blauen schönen Donau* (and another theme from

Ex. 4



Die Schönbrunner anticipates the second waltz motive in Strauss' composition!). Thematically, the history of the Viennese waltz is the history of a complex, interwoven chain in which certain archetypal ways of breaking up a tyrannical triple rhythm are exploited to the full.

Also interesting are those cases where a serious composer has deliberately borrowed an original fragment of Lanner either to give his work a touch of local colour, or to stimulate emotion by appealing to associations now firmly embedded in the unconscious mind of a European, or perhaps mainly Austrian,

¹ See "The early Dances of Josef Lanner", *MUSIC REVIEW*, XXI/2, May, 1960.

audience. Stravinsky uses a melody from Lanner's *opus 165, Styrian Dances* (and also the opening melody of *Die Schönbrunner*), in *Petrushka*:

Ex. 5

Styrian Dances etc.

Die Schönbrunner etc.

The *Styrian Dances* are a slow-moving ecstasy, and fairly beg imaginative interpretation by a gifted dancer. The waltz-landler rhythm is frequently too stereotyped for extended treatment in modern ballet; but in this case the melodies are so fluid, so sheerly musical, that they evade any charge of sameness and monotony.

Another piece in similar spirit is *s'Hoamweh* which appears to use original folk material. Lanner's arrangement has a sonorous and irresistible melancholy:

Ex. 6 Andantino

pp etc.

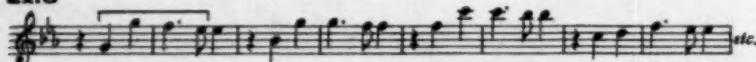
and there is something Chopinesque in this passage from the same work:

Ex. 7 Adagio

dolce p cresc. etc.

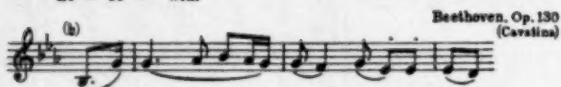
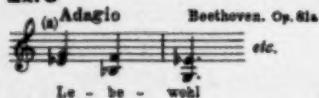
Tracking thematic similarities between Lanner, the Strausses and others is a fascinating and inexhaustible pursuit, rendered still more interesting by unconscious quotations of waltz-music which are sometimes found in a very strange environment. Consider the following theme from Lanner's waltz *Die Rosensteiner*:

Ex. 8



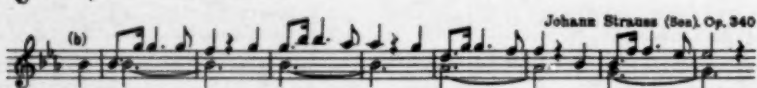
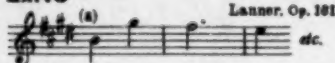
Its characteristic feature is the bracketed curve which, after three statements, finally settles on the tonic. The melody itself is really little more than a thematic extension of the idiomatic fall from mediant to tonic which is a persistent feature of all European music, and which perhaps serves as a tonal symbol of something especially deep-rooted in the German and Austrian temperament. Here are some famous fragments which embody it:

Ex. 9



Lanner's idiomatic Austrianism embraces it without reserve, and there are many passages which either use it directly or reveal its influence. It may be seen, for instance, in *Hof-Ball-Tänze*, *opus* 161, where it is stated in the same key as the Mahler excerpt quoted above. The younger Strauss is also fascinated by this particular siren, and gives it a beautiful restatement in a piece called "The Joys of Life", *opus* 340. The same melody, possibly because of the inverted emotional significance of the title of the waltz from which it is taken, is quoted by Mahler in the first movement of his ninth Symphony:

Ex. 10



Another Lanner motive, this time from the waltz *Die Werber*, opus 103, gives a specious sanction to the wearisome ländlerising in the long second movement of Mahler's ninth Symphony:



All similarities and correspondences apart however, we should acknowledge the intrinsic beauties of Lanner's later music. It is the dance-idiom of a by-gone age, and with the advent of new and far less beautiful dance conventions, it has fallen into oblivion. The volume in the Austrian Denkmäler series and a few recordings are the main modern indications that Lanner has not been completely forgotten. As far as this country is concerned, there is little evidence that he was ever really known. But it is worth remembering that Lanner revels in a spontaneous romantic lyricism which can be thoroughly enjoyed by small instrumental groups of the *Schrammel* type, and he shows how the exigencies of musical taste can be compatible with a ballroom ritual which need not be a wearisome social duty—a duty which some of us carry out to the accompaniment of a rowdy band playing deplorable pseudo-music. To my mind, there is something very odd in the sight of university staff and their wives shuffling round the floor of an examination hall while a group of ruthless youngsters blow, slap and shake their instruments and appear to violate every aesthetic canon which, in the lecture-room, would be vigorously upheld.

Lanner's success as a composer of increasingly fashionable dance-music ran parallel with a growing suavity of melody. Here are some characteristic themes from his last waltzes:



Such tunes are a far cry from the almost rural simplicity of his earlier *ländler*. It was, no doubt, a fairly simple matter for Lanner to acquire a courtly polish and delicacy, since there was obviously a feminine element in his make-up. The portrait in the Viennese Municipal Collection is of a mild-looking young man with fair curly hair and sentimental mouth. The elder Strauss, by contrast, strikes a far more virile note. Perhaps it would not be

going too far to see the elder Strauss and Lanner as representing two polarities of the dance-romanticism which was such a clear index to the popular Viennese temperament in the earlier part of the nineteenth century—two polarities which were fused in the works of later waltz-composers.

There are one or two curious extravagances in Lanner's output. *Opus 196* is a pretentious waltz entitled *Die Mozartisten*, in which popular tunes from Mozart's operas are forced into 3/4 time and offered to the public as a tribute to the memory of the great master. The waltz part of this collection is sandwiched between an introduction and coda which include fantastic travesties of passages from the overture and other sections from *The Magic Flute*, fugal passages and all:

Ex. 13



A good deal of Lanner's music originally appeared in collections containing dances also composed by Strauss (father), Adolf Müller, Schubert and Krall. These collections appeared frequently at carnival times in Vienna and a number of minor composers apart from those mentioned contributed to them. Schubert was a great admirer of Lanner, and was quite content to drink, listen and publish in his company. The original published collections are, on the evidence of Professor Deutsch, now extremely rare.

The titles Lanner bestowed upon his dances prompt speculation, but we shall never be able to explain them all. Doubtless most of them are merely fanciful; but some are named after places, events and aspects of Viennese life. "*Die Badnen Ring'ln*" is a waltz in which homage is paid to the *Ringeln*—large crescents made by a well-known master-baker at Baden. "*Aesculap-Walzer*", "*Prometheus-Funken*" and "*Orfeusklänge*" have a classical sound, but their musical content is thoroughly Viennese.

Turning the pages of Lanner's music, with an eye upon the contemporary scene, one marvels yet again at the tremendous schism which now exists between popular and serious music. It seems incredible that there was ever a time when composers of the stature of Schubert, Brahms and Wagner could admire, befriend and even imitate dance-composers who catered for a popular craze. Attempts within the last fifty years to come to serious terms with the jazz world have had only a short vogue and have made no very great impact upon modern music. It is less easy to assimilate a style or idiom which has its roots in a different order of existence, and which goes hand in hand with a

negation of certain values and standards which are substantive to western musical culture. The dances of Lanner were made of the same musical stuff as the symphonies of Schubert. They were therefore acceptable in the world of serious music. They shared the same ethos.

In our time, the dance-idiom, ballet excepted, has been lost to serious musical culture, and captured by the "big-time" people who dispense "hits" to screaming adolescent girls. What would Byron, and others who professed to be horrified at the licence engendered by the Viennese waltz, think of rocking, rolling girls, encased in tight jeans, who regard even the *Blue Danube Waltz* as intellectual classical music way above their pig-tailed little crania?

Yet, there are some parallels in the social scene. The musical beauty and sensuous exhilaration of the waltz were doubtless a reaction against the police-state of Metternich. Today, our political leaders juggle desperately with "deterrents"—to an accompaniment of rock and roll, jazz both hot and cool, and beatnik philosophy. When things in the political scene look grim, there is a tendency for people to shrug their shoulders and dance. We would be wrong to over-idealize old Vienna. The sweetness of Lanner must not distort our historical perspective.

Bibliographical Note

There are, of course, innumerable books on the history of the waltz, and there are many dealing with the Lanner epoch. A convenient selection is listed in *The History of the Waltz* by Dr. Eduard Reeser; and one or two more are mentioned in H. E. Jacob's book *Johann Strauss: A Century of Light Music* which is easily available in this country. An excellent volume which sketches in the social background of Lanner's Vienna is Max Schönherr's and Karl Reinöhl's illustrated thematic catalogue of the music of Johann Strauss: *Das Jahrhundert des Walzers. Band I.* (Universal Edition.) 1954.

First editions of single works by Lanner can still be picked up cheaply on the continent, and modern albums are not difficult to obtain.

Die Schönbrunner has been recorded a number of times in recent years; but recordings of Lanner fade in and out of the catalogues without rhyme or reason. One recording seems to be standard, however. This is:

*Die Schönbrunner
Hof-ball Tänze*

D.G.G. EPL 30096.

These waltzes are played in full, and all the repeats are observed.

The author of the above article would be glad to hear from anyone who, perchance, possesses any fragments of Lanneriana—personalia, manuscripts, old printed copies, etc. Communications may be addressed to The University, Liverpool, and will be immediately acknowledged.

Sergei Lyapunov (1859-1924)

The piano works: a short appreciation

BY

RICHARD DAVIS

THE predominant part which the piano played in Lyapunov's early years, the influence of his mother, herself a capable pianist and later the specialized musical training culminating in the years at the Conservatoire in Moscow must have had a decisive effect on his choice of this medium as his principal means of expression as a composer.

Of the seventy-one works of Lyapunov bearing *opus* numbers, thirty-five are for piano solo. In addition, there are a small number of works, also for piano solo, without *opus* numbers, and a number of arrangements, both of Lyapunov's and other composers' works. The piano is also to a major extent involved in a number of songs, a chamber work, two concertos and a rhapsody, though with these latter this article is not specifically concerned.

Thus, measured by *opus* numbers, the works for piano solo represent half his output. Spread as they are across the entire span of his creative life (*i.e.* from about 1880 until 1923), they contain all the most representative elements of his style, and through them can be traced his development and evolution as a composer.

In view of the little that is heard of Lyapunov today, one might suggest that this is because his music has not had the qualities necessary for its survival, and yet Lyadov, with whom he has been compared in stature, lives on to the extent of being a household name.

Without in this article trying to give a reason for this anomaly—and I think there is a reason—I personally feel that there can be little justification for the neglect of Lyapunov, and that even allowing for the derivative nature of the music, there is much in it of beauty—sometimes of considerable beauty—and interest bequeathed for all to enjoy, and that it is fitting that this, the centenary year of his birth, should be marked by some recognition of what he achieved, as a composer in his own right, and for the light which his compositions shed on those of his great master, Balakirev.

Like practically all Russians before him, Lyapunov was an eclectic drawing on models supplied, in particular, by the great pianist-composers of Western Europe. Strongly conservative in idiom—the new methods springing up in music during his life find little place—he seeks inspiration, sometimes perhaps rather obviously, in the forms and techniques furnished particularly by Chopin and Liszt, who both naturally play a prominent part in the style of his piano writing; to a lesser, though by no means unimportant extent, Schumann, to a quite considerable extent, Henselt, domiciled for so long in Russia, but strongest of all, Balakirev, as might be expected of one who was continuously and intimately associated with him for nearly twenty-five years, until the death of the latter in 1910 (nor was it, one suspects, all one-way traffic, as it is hoped to show in certain examples later).

This inter-relationship between Balakirev and Lyapunov makes a fascinating study in itself. As an example of exactly how close it could at times become, consider the two following extracts, both drawn from the second subjects of each of their scherzos in B flat minor:—

BALAKIREV
Ex.1 Allegro moderato

LYAPUNOV
Ex.2 Allegro moderato ma risoluto ♩ = 100

Perhaps it is little wonder that Gerald Abraham in his biographical article on Balakirev in *Grove* (1954 Edition) should speak of the fatal results of Balakirev's influence on Lyapunov.

Though this is an extreme example—and one cannot but wonder if Lyapunov had some intentional motive in making his theme so closely resemble that of Balakirev, perhaps a tribute to the dead composer (Lyapunov's Scherzo was not published until 1911)—it is instructive because apart from the melodic affinity it serves to illustrate two basic aspects in which Balakirev influenced Lyapunov, that is to say, harmony and key.

The harmonic flavour of both pieces is the same and the characteristic ingredients are the flattened fifth and flattened seventh, together with the tendency to veer towards the relative minor (though space prevents the illustration in these examples of this latter tendency), all of which are fingerprints of Russian harmony, which with Balakirev feature in so much of his music.

Indissolubly linked with these harmonic effects went Balakirev's well-known addiction to the major keys of D flat and D with their relative minors, which also had its effect on Lyapunov who evidently openly admitted the fact. Gerald Abraham has suggested that this key complex arose from Balakirev's infatuation with certain passages in D flat and D which occur in Glinka's opera, *Russlan and Ludmilla*; and particularly after playing through the D major passage, it is not difficult to understand why Balakirev should have gone to the trouble of arranging for two pianos Beethoven's Quartet in F minor,

op. 95, with its slow movement (also in D major) which is Beethoven at his most Balakirevian.¹

Though this tendency to write in these keys was admittedly pronounced with Lyapunov, it did not become quite such an obsessive force as with Balakirev as the following comparison of the two composers' original compositions for piano shows:

Balakirev.

Original compositions	37
In basic key of 5 flats or 2 sharps (including all four movements of the piano Sonata with the exception of the opening bars of the mazurka which has a key signature of 2 flats; also the whole of <i>Islamey</i>)	16
Introducing key of 5 flats or 2 sharps	13

Lyapunov.

Original individual movements or pieces	69
In basic key of 5 flats or 2 sharps	20
Introducing key of 5 flats or 2 sharps either with extended or passing reference	15

These two basic features of Balakirev's music undoubtedly played a very important part in Lyapunov's compositions. At the same time, the latter's character, subdued in comparison with the dynamic restlessness of Balakirev, is, nevertheless, strong enough to stand by itself, with the result that we find many examples where although the harmony is thoroughly Russian in the Balakirev sense of the word, the melody and general atmosphere are something which, I suggest, Balakirev would never have felt, as for example this poetic line from the *Chant d'Automne* (*op.* 26), a "salon piece" composed around 1906:



¹ I do not wish to give the impression that the chromaticisms in this movement are necessarily Russian in themselves. I do however suggest that it can hardly be a coincidence that Balakirev should have chosen this particular quartet to arrange, in view of the slow movement, if for no other reason (see Abraham's *On Russian Music*, chapter XXI, for detailed observations on this matter).

The influence of Balakirev on Lyapunov as traced in his piano works appears to have been by no means immediate on the arrival of the latter in St. Petersburg in 1884.

Although *op. 1*, no. 1, the most interesting of a set of three piano pieces, published in 1889, is basically in the key of D flat, it sounds like Lyadov at his most Chopinesque, with figures reminiscent of the Black Key Study, but Lyadov would never have gone on so long, and probably never have multiplied the considerable technical difficulties by two by making both hands work equally hard, although he might well have written the closing chords.

It is fitting that *op. 1*, no. 1, should be as it is, for it shows Lyapunov, even at the very outset of his composing career, as the writer of difficult—sometimes inflated—but nearly always beautifully laid out piano music.

It also shows him as of no—as yet—apparent individuality, as witness the influences at work—and the same is really the case with the seven preludes, *op. 6*, which should be examined before *opp. 3* and *5* for chronological reasons.

It is said they were to be played without a break, and this theory is supportable not so much by the tonal scheme, although no doubt some case could be made out for this (B flat, G flat, E flat minor, B (= C flat), A flat, F minor, D flat which sequence produces a certain symmetry), as by the fact that each piece commences on the same note as that on which the previous piece ends.

At least three distinct outside influences are traceable (no. 1 Schumann, nos. 2, 3, 6 Chopin and no. 4 Brahms), and Liszt is at hand in the coda of no. 7. Nevertheless, despite this there is much of interest, the sombre song in E flat minor, and the rhythmic combinations and subtleties of nos. 2, 5, 6 and 7. The last in D flat, the most characteristic, a brilliant toccata, is full of interesting rhythmic complications and possibilities, and chromatic shifts of harmony, and ends with an exciting coda and a tremendous run of chromatic octaves up and down the keyboard.

With the Impromptu, *op. 5*, in A flat, published in the same year (1896) as the preludes, *op. 6*, we enter for the first time an unmistakably Russian world. Although the technical problem (double notes in the right hand) might have been culled from Lyadov's Prelude in E flat, *op. 27*, no. 1, and the modulation into E major, shortly after the opening, must have been suggested by one or other of the two A flat studies of Chopin (*op. 10*, no. 10, or *Trois Etudes*, no. 2) which do the same thing at roughly the same point,² the harmony and the time—5/4—proclaim the land of its birth and the middle section in E major is a beautiful example—the first—of Lyapunov's own contemplative, improvisatory manner which he seems to have enjoyed expressing in this key. Perhaps the piece might be criticised on account of its length.

Thirteen years later Lyapunov was to repeat the problems involved in this Impromptu with the Humoreske in G flat (*op. 34*) also in 5/4 time.

² The pleasurable sensation of plunging downwards, the interval of a major third, a marked feature of these Chopin studies, made an obvious impression on the St. Petersburg school of composers. Examples, in various keys, are to be found in the piano works of, amongst others, Lyadov and Kopylov.

It appears that the *Réverie du Soir* (op. 3) apparently not published till 1903, was composed as early as 1880, that is to say when Lyapunov was at the Moscow Conservatoire. My own feelings are that it must have undergone very considerable revision after its original conception, for the coda, if not any of the other parts of the work, is fully mature, both as to the *arpeggio* bass and the harmonic device with which it is permeated.³

The Nocturne in D flat, op. 8, published in 1898, interesting in itself for its intrinsic beauty, is also of interest for the curious on account of its ancestry of which more in a minute.

In simple A-B-A form with a long coda, it begins with an enormous *arpeggio* bass (cf. Balakirev's *Réverie*), extending to 2½ octaves, over which floats a drooping melody highly reminiscent of a theme from the first movement of Tchaikovsky's second piano Concerto in G, op. 37, although the atmosphere in the latter piece is far removed from the languorous feeling present in the Nocturne.

The middle section, the key signature changing to 3 sharps, offers a complete and vigorous contrast to the inertia of the opening to which it leads back by way of a cadenza. Thence follows at first a fairly strict recapitulation, the theme being embellished with cascades of difficult ornaments and runs. After it has been worked up to a climax, there follows a most beautiful coda in which the *arpeggio* bass of the left hand is resourcefully combined with the right hand to embrace the theme in an imitative effect. The two closing chords are virtually identical to the two chords of the Balakirev piano piece, *Au jardin*, published ten years earlier and also in D flat.

Although the type of melody employed by Lyapunov in the opening and closing section of this Nocturne is common enough in Russian music at this time (cf. also Glazunov, piano Sonata in B flat, 1st movement, 2nd subject, published some years later; Lyadov, Bagatelle, op. 30) it would appear that Lyapunov certainly had *Au jardin* in mind when writing it. And since *Au jardin* has now been mentioned it is interesting to note that it, in turn, owes its inception to the slow movement of the F minor piano Concerto by Henselt, to whom it is dedicated. The wonderful way in which Balakirev uses Henselt's peculiar bass of figures of semi-quavers to his own ends by flavouring them with his own harmonies, and adding, in the treble, a very Balakirevian melody is, to my mind, a complete vindication for any accusation of lack of originality. The two enormous and very unusually written D flat *arpeggios* with which Henselt closes the movement are also copied by Balakirev and Lyapunov except that the penultimate *arpeggio* is deliciously flavoured with one of those mystic oriental harmonies which are so much a characteristic of this music.⁴

³ This harmonic device, beloved of Balakirev in his codas (see the piano Sonata, first movement, last eight bars, and last movement, penultimate bar), consists essentially of the minor chord of the leading note, flattened, resolving on the chord of the tonic.

⁴ This particular harmony is very far from being Balakirev's own idea. It is to be found at the beginning of Liszt's *Consolation*, no. 3 in D flat, but whenever it appears in Balakirev and Lyapunov it evokes a totally different atmosphere from that in the Liszt piece. Often it is mixed with the chord of the relative minor. A ravishing example which may, incidentally, shed some light on its psychological significance, is to be found at the end of Lyapunov's song "The three fountains" (op. 30, no. 1).

It remains to be added that the Henselt movement is in D flat. Was Balakirev influenced by Henselt in his choice of D flat only in this one work?

To return for a moment to the Nocturne, by way of summing up, it occupies a not unimportant place in the output of Lyapunov's works for its beauty, its technical problems—the mature transcendent technique of Lyapunov is emergent—and for its chronological position as a bridge between the old style, hitherto only hinting at the proselytising to Balakirev and the full blooded conversion which we reach in the next work.

The two Mazurkas, *op.* 9, the first of eight which Lyapunov was to write, appeared the following year. The first, in F sharp minor alternating with F sharp major, strikes a plaintive Chopinesque note, is attractive and fairly easy to play. The second, however, is a very different affair. Of all pieces in Lyapunov's quasi-Balakirev manner, this Mazurka must rank as a *locus classicus*. Coming upon it for the first time, after acquaintance with Balakirev, one is staggered by the complete assimilation which has taken place. One reads of the way in which Balakirev sought to impose his ideas on other Russians and of their ultimate rebellion from his tyranny, and one wonders precisely how Lyapunov, so much younger than they, and no doubt willingly submerged under the methods of the old man, fared. Did Balakirev re-write the piece himself, after having it submitted for approval, or had Lyapunov so completely absorbed the idiom that he existed in a world which automatically sounded as this Mazurka sounds?

Characteristically, the piece is in D flat, with a middle section in F major. After the repeat of the first section, the two themes are contrasted side by side in the coda, a practice of which Lyapunov made great use from his Waltz, *op.* 1, no. 3, onwards. The piano writing is difficult and brilliant, there is a clangorous coda and the music strikes an immensely optimistic note.

But the chief point of interest in this Mazurka is its chronological position in the lives of Balakirev and Lyapunov. Balakirev had completed his fourth Mazurka, in G flat, in 1886 (13 years previously) and it was no doubt this piece which Lyapunov had in mind when writing the Mazurka under review³—one thinks of the intricate triplet quavers, present in both works, but developed a stage further by Lyapunov. The next Mazurka which Balakirev wrote, published separately and also as part of the piano Sonata, did not appear until 1905 and the advancement of technique and brilliance of piano-writing are most noticeable—again the intricate triplet quavers are present—and one would imagine attributable to the influence of Lyapunov's work.

What of the other Mazurkas? They are not perhaps as immediately attractive as Balakirev's and mostly, with the exception of the first and the last, difficult to play, a long way removed from some of the delicate examples of Chopin, Lyadov, Scriabin and even Balakirev's early second Mazurka.

³ But see also Glazunov's Mazurka in D flat (*op.* 25, no. 3), also indebted to Balakirev, which, with the Mazurka in F sharp minor (*op.* 25, no. 2), may have suggested to Lyapunov the use of these two keys in his *op.* 9.

No. 5 is of interest for a variety of reasons, firstly for the comparison which must be made with Balakirev's no. 6, published one year later. It is, of course, quite impossible to assume that the date of publication of a work can necessarily be related to its date of composition. If it were, then one might be able to say that in these two Mazurkas Balakirev's debt was to Lyapunov, rather than *vice-versa*, always of course allowing for any tinkering which Balakirev may have indulged in with Lyapunov's work, in the first place.

Both pieces open with the same modal effect stemming from the same base note, though Lyapunov writes with a key-signature of five flats and Balakirev with four flats.

A further characteristic common to both pieces is the dotted quaver fanfares of open chords which convey a strongly oriental touch. Indeed, Lyapunov's, far more than Balakirev's, is much concerned with modes and false relations, and carries this feature one stage further in the middle section written with a key signature of two sharps; but instead of the lush sound that we associate with such a key signature, we hear a very different effect, not far removed modally from the middle section of the Transcendental Etude, *op.* 11, no. 8 (*Chant Epique*).

With *op.* 11, "*Douze Etudes d'Exécution Transcendante*", published between 1900 and 1905, we reach the one work by which Lyapunov is generally known today, although performances are rare.

Evidently composed over a span of eight years between 1897 and 1905, they are dedicated "*A la mémoire vénéré de François Liszt—Hommage de l'auteur*", and complete the key-sequence commenced by Liszt with his set of 12 transcendental studies. As all know, it was Liszt's idea to compose 24 of these studies, in all the flat and sharp tonalities, major and minor, but he completed only 12, starting in C major and proceeding *via* the flat keys to B flat minor, although as a corollary, it should be mentioned that the lone E minor Etude "*Ab Irato, Etude de Perfectionnement*" is sometimes regarded as being the first of the second sequence.

Lyapunov's key-sequence completes the circle, commencing enharmonically where Liszt left off; thus the first study is in F sharp, the second in D sharp minor, the third in B major and so on until we arrive back at E minor.

In the style of keyboard writing, the effects of chromatic harmony, the technical problems involved, even in the choice of titles, the debt to Liszt is apparent, also Balakirev and Lyadov. Despite all these extraneous influences, however, the keyboard writing, the musical content are all a development, a logical outcome of what has gone before. The result is a set of twelve highly wrought, mostly extremely difficult concert studies, charged with fine and beautiful music, often planned on a big scale and on occasions making immensely effective use of Russian folk-song and liturgical melody. It is surprising that these studies, at one time widely played and taught in Europe, should have fallen into such neglect, at any rate in this country.

The very first, the exquisite Berceuse, strikes a note of great charm and is an excellent illustration of the way in which Lyapunov evolves a complete movement out of only two small fragments of melody; although the shortest

of all the studies, it must take a high place on account of the perfection of the form and content, and its originality in disengaging itself from the *basso ostinato* pattern set by Chopin in his *op.* 57.

From a purely musical point of view, the three studies, no. 4, *Terek*, no. 5, *Nuit d'été* and no. 6, *Tempête*, together seem to form a group which carry Lyapunov's consummate mastery of piano technique and creative artistry to a very high level. The three would sound well played together and consecutively, as there is a certain unity of feeling; nos. 4 and 6 are both wild tumultuous virtuoso studies, making use of certain figures suggested by Liszt's no. 10 in F minor—no. 6, in particular, in C sharp minor, is extremely Lisztian (one thinks in places of *Waldesrauschen*), but despite all its difficulties, the notes always lie marvellously under the hand.

No. 5, *Nuit d'été*, an outstandingly beautiful piece of music—if a little slow in getting to the point—owes its inception, only so far as its form is concerned, to *Ricordanza*, as the following comparisons show:

Liszt <i>Ricordanza</i>		Lyapunov <i>Nuit d'été</i>	
Bars	Section	Bars	Section
1-14	Introduction, A flat	1-34	Introduction, C sharp minor leading into E major.
15-50	Theme A, A flat.	35-74	Theme A, E major.
51-59	Theme B, D flat	75-86	Theme B, A flat.
60-70	Return to Theme A.	87-94	Return to Theme A.
71-85	Theme A—restatement.	95-110	Theme A—restatement.
86-93	Theme B—restatement.	111-120	Theme B—restatement.
94-105	Coda.	121-126	Coda.

Other points of resemblance are the single threads of melody with which both pieces commence and the similarity of position of the cadenzas. Liszt's however are unbarred. Liszt's work is in 6/4 time and Lyapunov's in 6/8 so that to get a true comparison of the exact physical length of the music, one must divide or multiply accordingly.

This work again demonstrates Lyapunov's ability to evolve an extended composition out of the barest fragment of melody. These fragments do not develop in the true sense of the word, but are normally repeated as sequential patterns, a practice which succeeds in a miniature but tends to prove a weakness in larger forms such as the Sonata (*op.* 27).

A device which Lyapunov introduces here and also particularly in two other of these studies is the employment of a one bar line of melody as a canon at the octave, a practice he perhaps learned from *Chasse Neige* where it is employed with quite terrifying effect, giving a tremendous impression of cumulative power, particularly the more constricted it becomes.

This canonic device appears towards the end of *Nuit d'été* where the main theme erupts in a passionate explosion in E flat major, the canon serving to heighten the tension and excitement and bind the music together.

No. 7, *Idylle*, in A major, occupies a similar position in the second half of the set to that occupied by the Berceuse in the first half, as a kind of quiet introduction to the tumult which follows. Like the Berceuse it is digitally

easier than the remainder, though both are more difficult than *Paysage*, the easiest of Liszt's set. Again, *Idylle* is somewhat derivative. In its title, the time, the flow and curve of the melody and its later elaboration it seems to have been suggested by the *Idylle* of Lyadov (*op.* 25, in D flat).

No. 8, *Chant Epique*, owes something to Liszt's *Eroica*, also being much concerned with *arpeggios* and double octaves. If anything, it heightens the technical difficulties which Liszt devised. It is one of the grandest of the set, making use of melodies both from the Orthodox church and the Russian folk-song, "From out of the wood, the dark wood",* which is thundered forth with tremendous effect in double octaves at the reprise. Why did Kentner, in his recording, have to resort to the Ossia at this point? The coda is somewhat brassy and at a lower level than the rest of the work, and what was the significance of devising the last bar as a modification of the last bar of Balakirev's piano Fantasy on themes from Glinka's opera, *A life for the Tsar*?

The filigree work in the Fantasy on *A life for the Tsar* is much in evidence in the following study, no. 9, *Harpes éoliennes*, Lyapunov's equivalent of *Chasse Neige* although, as the title suggests, the wind is blowing from a warmer quarter. The canonic device, previously referred to, is in evidence. The melody, perhaps for some ears a little sugary, is highly characteristic of its composer, although indebted to Balakirev's *Thamar*.

Lesghinka, no. 10, subtitled "Style Balakirev", an extremely effective piece of music, is weakened, to my mind, on account of the obvious and superficial comparison to be drawn between it and *Islamey*, with which it really ought not to be compared.

In the last study, no. 12, *Elégie à la mémoire de François Liszt*, Lyapunov pays a final, perhaps rather self-conscious tribute to his dead hero. The work is conceived on a bigger scale than any of the others and is made up of three ideas. Theme A, with which it opens, a six-bar recitative passage, suggestive of the opening of Liszt's *Hungarian Rhapsody* no. 1 and directed to be played "*All'ungarese, in modo funebre*" ends in a run in the lower registers of the keyboard and is followed immediately by theme B, a new two-bar phrase twice repeated in the flattened supertonic (F major) with a widely spread accompanying *arpeggio* figure which with various other figures featuring in this study Lyapunov appears to have developed from Liszt's transcendental study, *Vision*. These two motives share the first section of the study, though theme B is much in evidence, and lead to an entirely new section featuring a beautiful melody (theme C in cold analytical language) in 6/8 time and the key of D flat, *l'istesso tempo, molto tranquillo*.

After a simple statement of the theme, it gathers momentum and finally breaks into a cadenza-like passage (part of which again recalls something of *A life for the Tsar* fantasy) followed by a greatly magnified return of the opening recitative, much embellished with *arpeggios*. The supertonic theme follows, developed sequentially at rising intervals of a minor third with tremendous force and excitement, the canon at the octave again playing an all-important part.

* No. 27 of Lyapunov's *op.* 10, 30 folk-songs.

The excitement culminates in a hefty cadenza which takes us to the reprise of theme C, in the tonic major, but monstrously blown up. A long coda, in which the supertonic theme has the final word, appearing in the guise of a *tremolo* figure, brings this last study, as well as *op. 11* as a whole, to a brilliant and very grand end.

Despite such shortcomings as it has, particularly the mock-Lisztian effects and the pomposity of some of the piano-writing, this study still contains some very impressive music—theme C, on its first appearance in D flat, has a long-breathed nobility about it which is typical of Lyapunov at his best, and the mighty re-appearance of theme B, mounting upwards step by step as if assaulting Everest itself, is carried off with notable effect.

Overlapping the composition of these studies are a number of other less important salon pieces, none at all easy to play, nor of any particular significance, other than showing Lyapunov for much of the time very much under the spell of Balakirev; sometimes almost slavishly copying him (*Tarantella*, *op. 25*—compare with Balakirev's *Tarantella*). Notable for its grace and pretty coda is the Waltz Impromptu, *op. 23*, and for its strongly Schumannesque style of writing the Novellette, *op. 18*.

An interesting affinity in the methods of Balakirev and Lyapunov is to be traced in another piece of this period, the *Chant du Crépuscule*, *op. 22*, published in 1904.

Compare these few bars:



with the opening bars of the last movement of Balakirev's piano Sonata published a year later:



Quite apart from the identity of key, the similarity of harmony between the two extracts will be evident, as will also the fact that each line of melody is repeated over a subtly changed harmony leading into the relative major key of D flat.

Whether or not the Lyapunov piece suggested consciously or unconsciously to Balakirev his "virile and ruthless opening subject" (as Gerald Abraham has termed it), which, it might be argued, could be a much-refined variant, the idea of twice repeating a short line of melody as in these two examples, each time differently harmonised, seems to be a characteristic trait of Balakirev, of which the most famous examples are to be found, of course, in *Islamey*.

The Sonata, *op.* 27, published in 1908, and one of Lyapunov's most important extended compositions for solo piano, must be considered in some detail. It is dedicated to Klindworth, Lyapunov's former master at the Moscow Conservatoire. Written in the basic key of F minor and ending in F major, it is in one extended movement, falling into five distinct sections:

Section

- 1 movement in sonata form—exposition and development
- 2 slow movement—ternary form
- 3 scherzo
- 4 movement in sonata form—recapitulation
- 5 coda (based on material from section 2).

The form is thus interesting, particularly the idea of sandwiching the slow section and scherzo-like section between the development and recapitulation of the movement in sonata form, and therefore owes nothing—as one might not have thought—to Balakirev's Sonata published three years earlier and dedicated to Lyapunov. The debt, of course, is to Liszt's Sonata, first and foremost, and the principles embodied in that great work, *viz.* cyclic construction and thematic metamorphosis.⁷ Lyapunov also used one movement designs of this nature for his two piano concertos.

The Sonata gets away to a good start with a fine vigorous march-like theme (Ex. 6/1 below), and within the first six bars are embodied the elements or derivatives of all motives, except one and a half, which occur in the work. As will be seen from the extracts below, the five-note descending figure in bar six is of great importance, and though not shown here, this figure, quite apart from its other manifestations, plays a major part, with its rhythm:

♩ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ throughout Sections 1 and 4, in maintaining the feeling of forward march:

⁷ In the way some of its themes become transformed it also calls to mind Vincent d'Indy's piano Sonata, *op.* 63.

Ex. 6 *Allegro appassionato*

1 *Allegro appassionato* etc.

2 *Cantabile ed espressivo* etc.

3 *Un poco meno mosso* etc.

4 *Un poco meno mosso* etc.

5 *Andante sostenuto e molto espressivo* etc.

6 *Inversion of above* etc.

7 etc.

After fifty bars or so, the section is closed in the tonic over a bass of triplet quavers appearing to owe much to Henselt's Study in F minor, *op.* 5, no. 10. The time-signature changes to 6/4 so that it is unnecessary to change the quaver notation (although in fact the actual speed has changed, this is not indicated), which continues as before, still in F minor by itself for a bar or two, before being joined in the right hand by a new melody, the first part of which is highly reminiscent of a *leitmotiv* from *The Ring*, the second part stemming from the ubiquitous bar 6 (see Ex. 6/2 above). Thus, with Henselt acting as mother and Wagner as father, the melody leads us away from F minor into much brilliant passage work featuring the two opening bars, the key-signature changes to two sharps, and after a beautiful transition, the second group is introduced in the key of D major, *Un poco meno mosso*, consisting of two fragments of the opening, quoted above (Exs. 6/3 and 4) which work up to a great impassioned climax and lead into the development.

This passage, one of the most interesting in the Sonata, is characteristic of the way in which Lyapunov is able to improvise a great rhapsody of considerable harmonic richness out of a tiny fragment, and is notable for the luxuriant piano-writing and also for the static nature of the music. We have come a long way from the feeling of forward movement engendered in the opening. This, however, is once more restored in the development which commences *Piu animato* with an orchestral and Lisztian version of the opening bars, before leading into a fine passage *Fantastico ed appassionato assai* featuring the *Ring* motive. This done, the remainder of the development consists of a rather repetitive re-presentation of the opening 50 bars, in various keys. Again the *Ring* motive appears, to lead us into the slow section, *Andante sostenuto e molto*

espressivo, opening with a melody which bears some resemblance to the *cantabile* which starts the second subject group in the first movement of Chopin's Sonata in B minor, but which, in actual fact, is another version of bar 6 (Ex. 6/5 above). This, with its inversion (also quoted above), constitutes the first part of the section.* It is followed by a liturgical melody in the Dorian mode, which makes a most unexpected, if not almost dramatic entry, the effect of which unfortunately wears thin by the uninteresting treatment to which the melody is subjected. Thus, through a delicate cadenza, back to the E major melody which is presented in a number of new, very Lisztian guises (cf. *Bénédiction de Dieu dans la solitude*), before being worked up into a grand climax, leading to the equivalent scherzo section. The theme proper arrives in the form of a somewhat banal reincarnation of the *Ring* motive, and contains much difficult and brilliant music, featuring semi-quaver figures similar to those which Lyapunov had already exploited so brilliantly in *Terek* of the Transcendental Studies (*op.* 11, no. 4) and was to do again in the Scherzo (*op.* 45).

And so, through a further cadenza, to the recapitulation of the opening which proceeds, generally, as before, though with considerable pruning and some reorganization of material. The *Ring* theme, having been exploited in the Scherzo, is now omitted, and a truncated version of the second group appears, as one might expect, in the key of D flat, although later it is steered into the tonic major. The Sonata, however, does not conclude with this, as perhaps one might have hoped, thus giving it a certain compactness of form. Instead, a large-scale coda appears, *Andante maestoso*, in F major, in which the two main themes from the slow section feature, the first theme in the bass under huge arcs of *arpeggios* in double notes in the right hand (for the most obvious model, see Liszt's *Mazeppa*). The modal melody follows, treated much as before, and the Sonata closes quietly in F major.

It is a matter for regret that this Sonata should be somewhat uneven in inspiration, for parts of it are full of beautiful things. It is particularly in the slow section and the coda that the weakness is most apparent, especially the inability of the music to do anything or go anywhere; and the scherzo section, whilst containing some very effective writing, hardly measures up to the lofty ideas contained within the sonata movement which encloses it. The sudden appearance of the church melody and the use of it to conclude the work lead one to wonder whether the composer had some very definite programme in mind.

In the years 1909-10 three sets of short piano pieces were published, respectively:

Op. 35. *Divertissements.*

Op. 40. *Trois morceaux de moyenne difficulté.*

Op. 41. *Fêtes de Noël. Quatre tableaux.*


These pieces are all characterised by a much simpler style of piano writing and conciseness than anything encountered heretofore, and also there seems

* Glazunov made important use of this theme, as it appears in the key of A minor before the entry of the liturgical melody in the first movement of his piano Concerto in F minor, *op.* 92.

to be a marked tendency to move away from the Balakirev idiom, although it is still present in some of them.

Op. 35 and *op. 41* employ folk-songs and church melodies and the latter pieces particularly deserve an airing. Attention is drawn to the passage towards the end of no. 1, *Nuit de Noël*, where a church melody is played in the left hand in the middle register of the keyboard under an octave *tremolo* high up in the treble—a charming touch—whilst a similar effect occurs in the climax of the second piece, *Cortège des mages*, though on a much bigger scale.*

The three pieces constituting *op. 40* begin with a tiny "Prelude" in D flat, as delightful as anything that Lyapunov wrote in the manner of Balakirev, and end with a "Novelette" in Lyapunov's Schumannesque style, full of spirit with a well contrasted middle section.

The Barcarolle, *op. 46* in G sharp minor, is another of those highly polished salon pieces which Lyapunov was adept at writing, with a brilliant middle section and some curious harmonic touches at the end. The Scherzo, *op. 45*, in B flat minor, is Lyapunov's most elaborately organized one-movement composition—if one excepts the Sonata—with a unique plan, involving an experiment in form which is its chief point of interest. Commencing with an introductory flourish of diminished seventh chords, under which appears a rhythmic figure  which dominates almost the entire work, it proceeds into the first subject, and, as the music unfolds, it reveals itself as being in sonata form. The similarity between the second subject and that of Balakirev's Scherzo in B flat minor has already been noted, but it should be added that this subject (also like Balakirev's) consists of two sections, "A" and "B", section "B" being presented a second time in the exposition (between two appearances of section "A" in D flat) in other keys. In the development, section "A" appears again, first as a *fugato* in D major, and then repeated—still in D major—largely as it first occurred in the exposition. Thus the two sections of the melody are accorded approximately equal treatment. In the recapitulation, a similar equating process takes place, the keys this time being G flat and B flat (*cf.* Balakirev, Scherzo in B flat minor, equivalent point). There follows a transition *via* the dominant seventh of E flat to prepare for the very typical modulation into the key of D major for the trio section. These modulations are especially beloved by Lyapunov and often very beautifully contrived in order to exhibit the full effect of an enharmonic relationship between two widely distant keys. Doubtless their progenitor was the D flat/D bridge in *Islamey*.

The trio consists of a melody which, if owing practically everything to Balakirev for harmony, owes nothing to anybody save Lyapunov for its shape and the atmosphere it generates. It might possibly be a transformation of one of the rhythmic figures of the scherzo proper. There follows a restatement of the whole of the first subject, thence a combination of a magnified version of the trio melody and the introductory rhythmic figure, and finally a restatement of the second subject, *Poco piu animato*.

* No. 4, *Chant de Noël*, makes use of part of no. 4 of Lyadov's 35 folk-songs, 1894-95.

What intrigues about this work is the mathematical symmetry with which it is worked out. Converting the $3/4$ time of the trio into $9/8$ time of the scherzo, each section of the work contains roughly sixty bars. Even the various themes involved are also shared out with the same mathematical precision. As a model of what a Balakirev-inspired tonal scheme should be, it could hardly be bettered, and the masterly piano-writing and clever combination of themes is everywhere evident. But unfortunately, it cannot be said that, comparing it with Balakirev's B flat minor Scherzo—which one must inevitably do, it has either the compactness of form or the musical interest of the other work. It is primarily an ingenious experiment.

A year later were published the Variations on a Russian Theme, *op.* 49, probably the most completely successful large-scale work for solo piano which Lyapunov ever wrote. In the treatment of strict forms, the style of the piano writing and the atmosphere generated by the exceedingly Russian tune on which they are based, they represent a near-successful synthesis of Lyapunov the pedagogue, Lyapunov the piano-virtuoso and Lyapunov the nationalist.

Perhaps the idea was suggested by one of Lyadov's two sets of piano variations, but there can be little other affinity. For Lyapunov, often apt to be diffuse, the variations are tightly controlled, closely knit and remarkably free from padding and in these characteristics, as well as their treatment of the theme, they show the influence of Beethoven and—particularly in the fugue—Brahms.

The theme itself, only four bars long and in $5/4$ time, is that of the Russian folk song "A little wine", presented in the stern key of D sharp minor, *Lento assai*.

Thence follow 14 unnumbered variations and a fugue. It would be tedious, here, to give a detailed analysis of each variation; no. 3 interests itself only in the last bar, which is presented in the treble, with a moving inner part, forming an invariable accompaniment, in the right hand. The variation is eight bars long, but all that changes from bar to bar is the bass. The deliberate monotony imposed is quite effective. Variations nos. 7, 8 and 9, which are really three variations in one, form a central climax to the work, with a progressive display of virtuosity and are followed by a welcome change of key to the relative major of F sharp for three delicate variations which provide a quiet interlude. The key of F sharp is retained for the lively double variation, no. 13 and no. 14 also commences in this key before proceeding through a welter of others into a cadenza to prepare us for the fugue. This last variation treats only the first half bar of the theme which is played in massive chords for both hands, alternating with rushing scale-passages in sixths up the keyboard, an idea which was perhaps suggested by one of Beethoven's C minor variations or the coda of Liszt's Ballade in B minor.

The fugue, *Allegro Moderato* ($\text{♩} = 80$) in common time, has as its subject an evolution, three bars long, of the first bar of the folk-song. In the metamorphosis it undergoes and its subsequent treatment it reminds one strongly of the fugue from Brahms' Handel Variations, and what better model could be found.

The subject, stated in octaves in the depths of the piano, has a certain taste of the Phrygian mode about it and perhaps Turina had it in mind when writing the fugal opening of the last movement of his "Sonata pintoresca-Sanlucar de Barrameda". It has immense driving power and rising from bass to treble eventually reveals itself as in four parts, each voice appearing in octaves in the right hand. The various convolutions of the subject, the passages of thirds and fifths, all tend to confirm Brahms as a model, together with the fine climax, beginning at bar 45, where an augmented version of the subject appears, softly at first in the treble, then finally inverting itself in the bass, and leading into a cadenza and an energetic coda, which brings the work to a powerful and imposing end in the tonic key.

Despite the rather obvious parallel with the Brahms fugue, these variations are in the main original and with their air of craftsmanship and concentration, far removed from the improvisatory, rhapsodic feeling so often present in Lyapunov's music. With their power and grandeur and their brilliant piano writing, they could hardly fail to make an impression in the hands of a pianist worthy of them.

The "Grande Polonaise de Concert", *op.* 55, which appeared soon after the variations is much indebted to Chopin's Polonaise in F sharp minor (*op.* 44), than which it is easier to play; and to a small extent to Liszt's Polonaise in E major, and is redeemed only by its Trio (in D major) which is a cousin of the trio of the Scherzo in B flat minor (*op.* 45) discussed above.

The Three Piano Pieces (*op.* 57) appeared the same year as the Polonaise. They comprise a small scale fugue, a pretty, little, rather Schumannesque, salon piece "Spring song" in A major, and a brilliant study *Près d'une fontaine*, in the key of the fugue, C sharp minor.

With the Prelude and Fugue in B flat minor, *op.* 58, also published in 1913, Lyapunov produces, in the Prelude, a splendid piece of music, brooding and rather gloomy in a thoroughly Russian way, and in the Fugue, a long and exacting argument in four parts, described lately as probably the greatest Russian fugue and full of drive and power. It would certainly be of interest to hear this work sometime instead of Taneiev's noisy affair in G sharp minor with which it is contemporary.

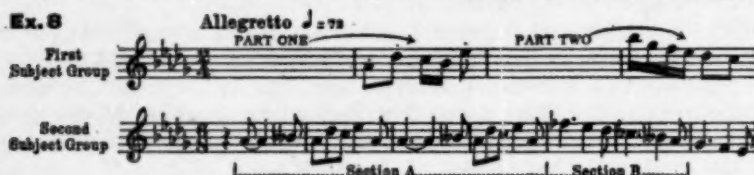
The Variations on a Georgian Theme, *op.* 60 (late in 1915), are a great contrast after *op.* 49. Diffuseness replaces concentration (there are five more pages of music but five fewer variations—admittedly the theme is longer) and the prevailing atmosphere is light-hearted. Even the demands on the executant are less, though there are many difficulties. The melody is most affable and of irregular design, 5 bars followed by 8 bars, given in the key of A major, *Andantino* ($\text{♩} = 104$), and followed by a Borodin-like episode, *Poco più mosso* ($\text{♩} = 138$) which appears to bear no relation to it. This episode has a highly characteristic way of veering into the relative minor. Thence follow five variations on the Theme, then an *Allegro vivace* in F sharp major based on the episode, a sixth variation of the Theme *Poco più mosso* leading to *Poco animato*, a second variation of the episode—hardly even a variation, merely a delectable restatement still in F sharp major and, to end, a very fast final variation and

coda, a merry dance in 6/8 time, punctuated by sudden *sforzato* outbursts and peculiarly grateful to the hand. It borrows frequently from the first variation, at points marked *Poco meno mosso*. The final *Prestissimo* chords alternate between A major and F sharp minor as if to emphasize the tonalities in which the Theme and the episode respectively end. Whilst this work cannot be said to reach the same intellectual level attained in *op. 49*, it has some delightful music in it—the sprightly fourth variation *allegretto scherzando* is yet another example of Lyapunov in his favourite Schumannesque vein—and is really the precursor of a simplified style of writing which Lyapunov was reaching in the latter years of his life.

This simplified style is of course seen at its most obvious in the *Six Morceaux faciles*, *op. 59*, published in 1919. These not difficult pieces are all attractive, and the first, "*Jeu de Paume*", contains a few bars which are a distilled microcosm of true Russian nineteenth-century harmony:



The Sonatina, *op. 65* in D flat, written in 1917, but not published until 1922—in Moscow, by the State—reveals the emergence of a new Lyapunov and there can surely be nothing in his piano music to rival the terseness of the extraordinary first movement, in sonata form, and made up of the following ideas:



Consider simply the exposition:

		Bars
2/4 First Subject Group in D flat	Part 1. A one bar motive ¹⁹ four times repeated ..	4
	Part 2. A one-bar motive three times repeated in a descending sequential pattern ..	3
Rest	1
Transition to	Based on First S.G. Part 1 above	8
6/8 Second Subject Group in F minor/A flat	An eight-bar melody, virtually a transformation of the two ideas of the First Subject Group; Section A corresponding to Part 1 and Section B to Part 2	16
Coda.	{ Right hand. 6/8 Second S.G., Section A	
Combined	{ Left hand. 2/4 First S.G., Part 1	4
	Total bar length	36

¹⁹ This motive is the first bar of no. 24 of Lyapunov's 35 *Chants populaires Russes*.

Thus the entire movement, the remainder of which is equally concentrated, derives from two bars of music.

The slow movement, *Andante*, features two thoroughly characteristic melodies in A-B-A pattern, the first in B minor, the second in D major, both of similar shape. It is all very brief. With the return of the B minor melody, some delicate effects are obtained in the upper registers of the keyboard. The movement ends on the chord of the dominant, F sharp, leading without a break into the third movement, *Allegro*, which returns to the key of D flat (it will be noted that, despite the new style apparent in this work, the composer still adheres to the five flats/two sharps key-scheme). Prepared by the ending of the slow movement, the music starts straight off on a G flat, with a toccata-like subject which sounds as though in E flat minor, and not for some bars is the true sound of D flat established when a chromatic melody, cleverly laid out in the middle of the keyboard, appears.¹¹ After a repeat of this matter in different keys the movement is joined by the B minor melody from the slow movement, but the dovetailing is so neat that one scarcely realizes what is happening. The entire movement is made up of these three motives into a kind of rondo, but it does not lend itself to a convenient pattern of text-book analysis. It ends with a short and brilliant coda, *piu mosso*. Gerald Abraham has commented on the effect of Ravel's Sonatine on this attractive little work which says no more than is necessary with just the right balance of head and heart.

The Third Waltz-Impromptu, *op.* 70, in E major, completed in 1919 but not published—in Moscow—until 1922, again presents us with the new Lyapunov, this time in the salon. Shorn of the glittering brilliance and virtuosity which were so much a feature of the salon pieces of earlier years, it retains all the elegance which we associate with this composer, at the same time striking a more serious note with two wistfully beautiful melodies which go to comprise it. And with what skill are they so unexpectedly combined, towards the end, in a perfection rarely achieved before in the piano works. It is fitting that this, almost the last work he wrote, should be the summit of his achievement in the field of salon music.

To summarize, I think it possible, as I wrote at the beginning of this article, to trace through the piano works Lyapunov's evolution as a composer, and I would say the result would look something like what is set out in the table on the following page, although no firm lines can be drawn between one phase and another, as there is liable to be overlapping.

Now that this review is at an end, what conclusions can one form as to Lyapunov's failings and value as a creative artist.

(i) His most obvious failing—his often complete lack of originality and necessity to echo what has been said before and to draw on other people's music for inspiration—has been recognized in this article because undoubtedly it is this factor which is his greatest weakness; but there is a wealth of difference

¹¹ A very similarly written idea to this appears in both no. 1 and no. 3 of *Trois Etudes de Salon* by Michel Karpov (*op.* 4) (Zimmermann, 1907).

Phase	Characteristic	Representative Works		Year of Publication
I	Formative	Op. 5.	Impromptu	1896
		Op. 6.	Seven Preludes	1896
		Op. 8.	Nocturne	1898
II	The submission to Balakirev	Op. 11.	Twelve Transcendental Studies	1901-05
		Op. 27.	Sonata in F minor	1908
III	The move away from Balakirev	Op. 35.	<i>Divertissement</i>	1909
		Op. 41.	<i>Fêtes de Noël</i>	1910
		Op. 49.	Variation on a Russian Theme	1912
		Op. 58.	Prelude and Fugue in B flat minor	1913
		Op. 60.	Variations on a Georgian Theme	1915
IV	Towards emancipation	Op. 65.	Sonatina in D flat	1922
		Op. 70.	3rd Waltz-Impromptu	1922

between the indebtedness of, say, the Polonaise (*op. 55*) which, had it not been written, would not have made an iota of difference to our assessment of Lyapunov, and parts of the Sonata, *op. 27*, or the Study, *op. 11*, no. 5, without which we should be much the poorer. And I am sure that no one would wish to chide Lyadov for his Prelude in E flat, *op. 27*, no. 1, yet could even Chopin himself have improved on it?

(ii) His style of piano-writing. Again this is often derivative. The great technical problems involved in playing so much of the music, a factor which in itself may account partly for its neglect, stem primarily from Chopin, Liszt and Henselt and are evident from *op. 1*, no. 1 onwards, though no really definite style emerges until the Nocturne, *op. 8*.

(iii) His prolixity and sense of form. He is apt to be verbose and often this happens when he is involved in large forms—not only in works such as the Sonata, *op. 27*, but in many other independent pieces, e.g. the Tarantella, *op. 25* and the Scherzo, *op. 45*. Perhaps Balakirev, also given at times to diffuseness (*cf. 'Capriccio'*) had a bad effect. This loss of proportion sometimes has an unfortunate way of spoiling a good piece, such as the Impromptu, *op. 5*, which goes on a little too long, just as in diametric contrast so many of Lyadov's most lovable notions have an equally infuriating habit of stopping too soon.

(iv) His idiom. It is to be found from the *Réverie du soir* (*op. 3*) onwards. The atmosphere evoked is generally contemplative and rather serious, perhaps at times a little lachrymose. It is this feature of Lyapunov's music—almost more than any other—which makes it often so completely different from that of the bustling Balakirev.

Occasionally, I feel he mars some of his most typical melodies by inflating them beyond their dimensions, this usually in his codas.

(v) His last two principal works for piano, *op. 65* and *op. 70*, contain few of the failings noted above and grateful as we must be that he lived to compose

these, we can only be disappointed that he did not manage to strike along the new road visible in this music earlier, or live long enough to compose more.

One can say therefore, in a nutshell, that Lyapunov's music, though in certain instances weakened by its derivative nature, is also sometimes strengthened by the inspiration of other composers' works and that he made a definite and valuable—if limited—contribution to piano literature through the medium of his own personality linked to that of folk-song.

In connection with the writing of this article, I would like to express my indebtedness to Professor Gerald Abraham for all that he has done to make it possible, for reading and commenting on the draft, and for the loan of certain documents. I wish also to record my grateful thanks to Mr. Desmond Reay for his great assistance in translating from the Russian and to Mr. Basil Bessel for the loan of certain scores.

LYAPUNOV

A LIST OF ORIGINAL COMPOSITIONS FOR PIANO SOLO

Opus no.	Description or Title	Dedication	Publisher
1	<i>Trois Morceaux pour Piano</i>		Belaieff, 1889
	No. 1 Etude, D flat	Mme. Julie Messing	
	2 Intermezzo, E flat minor	Mlle. Nadine Wesselowsky	
	3 Valse, A flat	Mlle. Sophie Chipilow	
3	<i>Réverie du Soir</i>	Mlle. Sophie Weiss	Zimmermann, 1903
5	Impromptu	Mme. Olga Weiss	Bote & G. Bock, 1896
6	<i>Sept Préludes</i>	Mr. Felix Dreyschock	Bote & G. Bock, 1896
	No. 1 <i>Allegro risoluto</i> , B flat		
	2 <i>Vivace</i> , G flat		
	3 <i>Lento</i> , E flat minor		
	4 <i>Allegro giocoso</i> , B major		
	5 <i>Allegro grazioso</i> , A flat		
	6 <i>Andantino mosso</i> , F minor		
	7 <i>Animato assai</i> , D flat		
8	Nocturne	Le Grand Duc Michel Alexandrovitch	Breitkopf & Härtel, 1898
9	<i>Deux Mazurkas</i>	Mr. Joseph Borovka	Breitkopf & Härtel, 1899
	No. 1 F sharp minor		
	2 D flat		
11	<i>Douze Etudes d'Exécution Transcendante</i>	"A la mémoire vénéré de François Liszt"	Zimmermann, 1900-05
	No. 1 <i>Berceuse</i> , F sharp major		
	2 <i>Ronde des fantômes</i> , D sharp minor		
	3 <i>Carillon</i> , B major		
	4 <i>Terek</i> , G sharp minor		
	5 <i>Nuit d'été</i> , E major		
	6 <i>Temple</i> , C sharp minor		
	7 <i>Idylle</i> , A major		
	8 <i>Chant épique</i> , F sharp minor		
	9 <i>Harpes éoliennes</i> , D major		
	10 <i>Lesghinka</i> , B minor		
	11 <i>Ronde des sylphes</i> , G major		
	12 <i>Élégie en mémoire de François Liszt</i> , E minor		

17 Mazurka, no. 3 in E flat minor	Mme. la Princesse Marie Wolkonsky	Zimmermann, 1902
18 <i>Novellets</i>	Mr. Max Pauer	Zimmermann, 1904
19 Mazurka, no. 4 in A flat major	Mr. Nicholas Borozdine	Zimmermann, 1904
20 <i>Valse Pensive</i>	Mili Balakirew	Zimmermann, 1904
21 Mazurka, no. 5 in B flat minor	Mr. Serge Boulitsch	Zimmermann, 1904
22 <i>Chant du Crépuscule</i>	Mr. David Ozerow	Zimmermann, 1904
23 <i>Valse-Improptu</i>	Mr. Basil Tsaregradski	Zimmermann, 1905
24 Mazurka, no. 6 in G major	Mr. Constantin Tschernow	Zimmermann, 1906
25 Tarantella	Mr. Michel Dimitri Calvocoressi	Zimmermann, 1906
26 <i>Chant d'Automne</i>	Mlle. Sophie Chipilow	Zimmermann, 1906
27 Sonata in F minor	Mr. Charles Klindworth	Zimmermann, 1908
29 2ème. <i>Valse-Improptu</i>	Mlle. Sophie Zimmermann	Zimmermann, 1908
31 Mazurka, no. 7 in G sharp minor	Mr. Johan Wijsman	Zimmermann, 1908
34 <i>Humoreske</i>	Mme. Birdice Blye	Zimmermann, 1909
35 <i>Divertissements</i>	Alexandre Kassianow	Zimmermann, 1909
No. 1 <i>Loup-Garou</i>		
2 <i>Le vautour—jeu d'enfants</i>		
3 <i>Ronde des enfants</i>		
4 <i>Colin-maillard</i>		
5 <i>Chansonnette enfantine</i>		
6 <i>Jeu de course</i>		
36 Mazurka, no. 8 in G minor	Boris Jilinski	Zimmermann, 1909
40 <i>Trois Morceaux de moyenne difficulté</i>	—	Zimmermann, 1910
41 <i>Filles de Noël. Quatre tableaux</i>	Xenie Liapounowa	Zimmermann, 1910
No. 1 <i>Nuit de Noël</i>		
2 <i>Cortège des mages</i>		
3 <i>Chanteurs de Noël</i>		
4 <i>Chant de Noël</i>		
45 Scherzo (B flat minor)	Mr. Jose Vianna da Motta	Zimmermann, 1911
46 Barcarolle	Mme. Vera Scriabina	Zimmermann, 1911
49 <i>Variation sur un thème russe</i>	Mr. Constantin Jgoumnov	Zimmermann, 1912
55 <i>Grande Polonaise de Concert</i>	Mr. Joseph Lhevinne	Zimmermann, 1913
57 <i>Trois Morceaux</i>	Mme. Joseph Lhevinne	Zimmermann, 1913
58 Prelude and Fugue in B flat minor	—	Zimmermann, 1913
59 <i>Six morceaux faciles</i>	"Mes filles, Ludmilla, Nastia, Lala"	Zimmermann, 1919
60 <i>Variations sur un thème géorgien</i>	—	Lemberg, Lecaye, Moscow, 1915
65 Sonatina in D flat	Mme. Nadine Goloubowski	Russian State, Moscow, 1922
70 3ème. <i>Valse-Improptu</i>	Mme. Alexandrine Belaiewa-Bouchène	Russian State, Moscow, 1922
<i>Without opus no.</i>		
— Prelude in D flat		Moscow, 1949
Prelude in G major		Moscow, 1949
Six easy pieces ("pour les commençants")		Moscow, 1931
Toccata and Fugue in C major		Moscow, 1949
Canon in E minor		Moscow, 1949
<i>Allegretto scherzando</i>		Moscow, 1949

Beethoven in London Concert Life, 1800-1850

BY

NICHOLAS TEMPERLEY

THE performance of Beethoven's symphonies and overtures in London in the early years of the nineteenth century is a subject full of interest. Mr. Donald W. MacArdle has contributed an important article¹ summarizing the evidence on this subject contained in Beethoven's correspondence. The other side of the question, which I shall now present, comes from a study of London concert programmes.

The only programmes of this period which are in readily accessible form are those of the Philharmonic Society, founded in 1813.² Consequently most writers, including Mr. MacArdle, have relied almost entirely on the Philharmonic programmes for evidence about the performance of orchestral works. They have sometimes given the impression that before the Philharmonic Society was founded there was little orchestral activity in London.³ This was far from true, as I shall prove; there were plenty of performances of Beethoven's music in London before 1813.

To find the programmes of concerts other than the Philharmonic Society's it is necessary to turn to the daily newspapers, where advertisements of forthcoming concerts often included details of the programmes. The enquirer is confronted almost immediately with the problem of identification. For until 1817 concert programmes rarely specified the work that was to be performed, unless it had an accepted name (like *Jupiter*). The usual designation was merely "Grand Symphony, Beethoven" or "Grand Overture, Beethoven", or as the case might be. And there is the additional complication that the words "Symphony" and "Overture" were not always used in their strict modern sense.

The London concert season lasted approximately from 1st February until 30th June, and into these five months the entire concert life of the capital was compressed. The three principal series of concerts were the Ancient Concerts, the Oratorios and the Vocal Concerts. With the Ancient Concerts we are not here concerned. They were largely a ritual performance of Handel's music, and the elderly noblemen who arranged them refused to admit anything by Beethoven until 1833, when he was safely dead. The Oratorios and the Vocal Concerts, despite their names, were both miscellaneous concerts of vocal and instrumental music, and they often included up-to-date orchestral works. A few other series of concerts were given from time to time, mainly by famous singers; Salomon, however, revived his famous subscription concerts in the years 1801 and 1808, introducing music by Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven.

¹ "Beethoven and the Philharmonic Society of London", by Donald W. MacArdle. MR, XXI, pp. 1-7.

² The Smart Collection in the British Museum includes the programmes of all the Philharmonic concerts for about the first fifty years of the Society's existence. They have been transcribed, though with many inaccuracies, in *The History of the Philharmonic Society of London, 1813-1912*, by M. B. Foster (London, 1912).

³ Foster, for instance (*op. cit.*, p. 4) speaks of a "state of orchestral starvation".

But perhaps the most important concerts were the individual "benefits" which many London musicians gave annually for their own profit. About 40 benefits were given in most seasons, and the more enterprising of them frequently included brand new orchestral works by Beethoven and other composers.

In 1803, the year in which a Beethoven symphony was first heard in London, Haydn was, of course, a well established and much beloved composer. From the time of his two visits to London his symphonies had been regularly performed, and almost every concert except the Ancient Concerts included one of them. Mozart, on the other hand, was only beginning to be widely known. Some of his symphonies had been introduced by Haydn, and Salomon continued to perform them occasionally after his departure, but the only orchestral work of Mozart's that had become really popular was the overture to *Die Zauberflöte*. Beethoven was almost unknown. Probably the only work of his that had been played in London was the Septet (twice, in 1801).

Considered in this light, the programme of a benefit concert given by Cimador⁴ on 18th May, 1803, at the Great Room in the King's Theatre, appears startlingly bold and modern. It contained⁵ no less than six works by Mozart (all vocal), an overture by Winter, a harp concerto by Dussek, a violin concerto by Yaniewicz, and

A new Grand Symphony (never performed in
Public) Beethoven.

This is, so far as I know, the first recorded performance of a Beethoven symphony in England. To Cimador falls the credit for this momentous event. The symphony was presumably no. 1, since no. 2 had had its first performance in Vienna only six weeks earlier.

After Cimador's concert, one more performance of a Beethoven symphony took place in 1803, five in 1804, five in 1805, and thereafter the number gradually increased. Several times a symphony was called "new" in the programme. This was so in six cases from 1803 to 1806:

<i>Date</i>	<i>Concert</i>	<i>Description of symphony</i>
18th May, 1803.	Cimador's benefit.	A new Grand Symphony (never performed in Public).
11th May, 1804.	Harrison's benefit.	New Grand Sinfonia.
25th Feb., 1805.	New Musical Fund. ⁶	New Grand Symphony; . . . never performed in England.
23rd May, 1805.	Bridgetower's benefit.	New Grand Symphony.
14th Feb., 1806.	Harrison's benefit.	New Grand Sinfonia for a Full Band.
2nd May, 1806.	Vocal Concert.	New Grand Sinfonie (MS.) for a full Band.

⁴ Giambattista Cimador, a Venetian violinist living in London, was responsible for the popularization of Mozart's symphonies in England, in his own arrangement for sextet (probably flute and strings). These arrangements were published in about 1800. He chose K.425, 504, 550, 385, 543 and 551, which he numbered from 1 to 6 respectively, and for most of the nineteenth century these were the only Mozart symphonies normally performed in England. Despite a sceptical note in *Grove* (5th ed., ii, 298) these arrangements undoubtedly existed. But all that remains of them is the 1st violin part of "No. 1" (K.425), in the Royal Music Library.

⁵ Details of programmes are taken from notices in *The Times*.

⁶ An annual charity concert.

Obviously the word "New" was not strictly true in every case. These cannot all have been first performances, for there were not enough symphonies to go round. Nor does the abbreviation "(MS.," have any significance. It was lavishly strewn over most concert programmes of the period, and in any case, printed scores were still almost unknown. The more positive claim for the performance of 25th February, 1805, was probably true, though we cannot know whether the work was no. 2 or no. 3: it must have been one of these, if the work performed on 18th May, 1803, was indeed no. 1. At all events, it seems very likely that Beethoven's first three symphonies, at least, all had their first London performances in the first decade of the century.⁷ Levien says⁸ that no. 3 was "presented" to London at the performance at the Philharmonic on 28th February, 1814, implying that this was its first London performance. But this is not likely. The Philharmonic programmes made a rule of stating that the performance of a work was the "first performance in England", if it was so; and the programme did not state it in this case.

No performance of no. 4 can be positively identified earlier than 12th March, 1821, when it was played at the Philharmonic. (This performance was not stated to be the "first performance in England".) The first performance of no. 5 was at the Philharmonic on 15th April, 1816.

No. 6, specified as the "Pastoral Symphony", was performed at Mrs. Vaughan's benefit on 27th May, 1811. It is interesting to note that this was five years before the first performance of no. 5: perhaps the very fact that no. 6 had a name made it more acceptable to English audiences. The programme claimed that this was the first performance in England. There is, however, some contradictory evidence. An organization called "The Harmonic", founded about 1800 by some City merchants, but dying out before 1813, gave concerts of mainly instrumental music at the London Tavern. From all descriptions it seems that these concerts must have been of the highest interest, but unfortunately the programmes have not survived, and they do not seem to have been advertised in any of the newspapers. An article published in 1832⁹ states that "at this concert,"¹⁰ Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, and selections from the Don Giovanni of Mozart, were performed for the first time in England". Although this claim was made more than 20 years after the event, I am inclined to prefer it to the claim in the programme of Mrs. Vaughan's benefit, which was, after all, only an advertisement. "The Harmonic" concerts were definitely for a middle-class audience, which would barely have overlapped with the fashionable patronage solicited by Mrs. Vaughan in her notice. But in any event, the first London performance of no. 6 was not later than 1811, and it could not well have been earlier than 1809.

The dates of first performance of nos. 7 and 8 cannot be ascertained. No. 7

⁷ No. 1 was definitely performed on 1st February, 1809, at Master Cutler's benefit. In this case the programme exceptionally gave the key of the work.

⁸ J. M. Levien: *Beethoven and the Royal Philharmonic Society* (London, 1927): quoted, MacArdle, *op. cit.*, p. 1.

⁹ *Harmonicon*, 1832, p. 247.

¹⁰ The phrase "at this concert" does not here mean "on a specified occasion just mentioned", but "at a concert given by this organization". This was a common usage.

was performed at the Philharmonic on 9th June, 1818, but without mention of a "first performance". So it may well have been one of the many unidentified Beethoven symphonies performed at the Philharmonic and elsewhere between 1813 and 1817. At the third concert of the 1817 season, the Philharmonic programmes suddenly began to include the keys or numbers of symphonies performed, and continued to do so thereafter. From that date on we may compile accurate tables of the number of performances of each work (with some exceptions).¹¹ We may also say for certain that the performance of no. 8 on 29th May, 1826, was the first performance of that work at the Philharmonic. But the programme does not state that it was a "first performance in England", and therefore it was probably performed elsewhere before that date. Other concerts did not at once follow the example of the Philharmonic in specifying symphonies on its programme.

The *Choral Symphony* was, of course, performed for the first time in England at the Philharmonic on 21st March, 1825. It did not make a favourable impression. This is not surprising. The standard of the performance must have been atrocious, despite the high quality of individual members of the orchestra. For one thing, there was no proper conductor. Spohr's claim to have introduced the baton into England in 1820 has been conclusively disproved,¹² and there is no doubt that in 1825 the Philharmonic orchestra was still under the dual control of a violinist leader and a "gentleman at the pianoforte". But a still more serious handicap was the lack of rehearsal. There was only one rehearsal of three hours for each Philharmonic concert of the same length; this state of affairs prevailed even as late as 1842.¹³ Moscheles wrote the following about London concerts in 1822:¹⁴

Generally speaking, there is no rehearsal at all, often one-half of the band runs once through the music.

Imagine a performance of a difficult unfamiliar work, even by the best orchestra of today, with only one rehearsal! Small wonder that the audience failed to take in the *Choral Symphony* under such conditions. William Ayton, an influential critic, and the former manager of the King's Theatre who had first staged *Don Giovanni* in 1817, wrote a review by no means lacking in insight; but he could not reconcile himself to the introduction of the chorus. "Here", he said, "as well as in other parts, the want of intelligible design is too apparent".¹⁵ The work was not performed again until 1836, when it was revived by the Società Armonica, a rival concert society founded in 1830. The Philharmonic followed with a performance in the following year, and thereafter the work was quite frequently heard in London. The first eight

¹¹ Mozart's symphonies were not referred to by number, but only by key. Thus "Symphony in C, Mozart" and "Symphony in D, Mozart" are both ambiguous.

¹² Carse, Adam: *The Orchestra from Beethoven to Berlioz* (Cambridge, 1948), pp. 321 ff.; Jacobs, Arthur: "Spohr and the Baton", *Music and Letters*, xxxi (1950), pp. 307-17.

¹³ *Musical World*, xviii (1842), p. 3.

¹⁴ Coleridge, A. D.: *The Life of Moscheles* (London, 1873), vol. I, p. 65.

¹⁵ I hope Mr. Temperley will forgive my suggestion that this would not tax our imagination unduly. [Ed.]

¹⁶ *Harmonicon*, 1825, p. 69.

symphonies, meanwhile, had become, and have since remained, the chief orchestral material both for the Philharmonic and for other orchestral concerts in London.

Mr. MacArdle has stated that "thanks to the Philharmonic Society, probably nowhere in the world outside of Vienna were as many works of Beethoven heard as in London". This was certainly true until 1828, though, as we have seen, it was not thanks only to the Philharmonic Society, but to the generally lively and receptive character of London concert life at this time. The only other city which was even remotely comparable to London in this respect was Paris. It is interesting to compare the dates of first performance of Beethoven's symphonies in the three capitals. The following are those for which there is enough evidence to make the comparison.

Symphony	1st performance Vienna	1st performance London	1st performance Paris ¹⁶
No. 1	1800	1803	1807
No. 2	1803	?1805	1811
No. 3	1805	?1806 (certainly by 1814)	1811
No. 5	1808	1816	?1828
No. 6	1808	not later than 1811	?1828
No. 9	1824	1825	1831

Naturally Vienna was first in the field, but the speed and readiness with which London audiences accepted Beethoven's symphonies, and other difficult modern music, are proof of the lively musical atmosphere existing there at that time—usually supposed to be a "dark age" in English music. Indeed there was no other town in the world to compare with London as an international centre of concert music. The Philharmonic Society was unique, for the first 15 years of its existence, especially in the fact that it was controlled by its professional members rather than by royal or aristocratic patrons. This was one reason why it could be so adventurous in commissioning and performing new music. Another was its financial stability, based on the growing wealth of the middle classes.

In 1828, the Société des Concerts was founded in Paris on similar lines to the Philharmonic, and at once concentrated its energies on Beethoven, whose symphonies were performed there even more frequently than at the London Philharmonic. Other composers, however, were unaccountably neglected; in the first ten years of the Société there were only 5 performances of Mozart's symphonies,¹⁷ compared with 31 in the same period at the Philharmonic. Even Cherubini, who was virtually a Parisian, was passed over. The Philharmonic, on the other hand, gave powerful support to Cherubini, Spohr, Weber, Mendelssohn and several other composers, until in the 1840s financial difficulties forced it to adopt a more conservative policy.

¹⁶ See Schindler, A.: *Beethoven in Paris* (Münster, 1842); Carse, *op. cit.*, pp. 90-93. These are secondary sources, and it is possible, of course, that a study of Paris programmes and newspapers would bring to light earlier performances, particularly of nos. 5 and 6.

¹⁷ See Carse, *op. cit.*, pp. 90-93.

But we cannot bask in unshadowed national pride. It must be recorded that of all Beethoven's symphonies, by far the most popular in London was the "Battle" Symphony; it was first performed at the Drury Lane Oratorios on 10th February, 1815, and repeated no less than 20 times in a period of just over two years. It is humiliating to reflect that this seems to have been the only work that Beethoven dedicated to an Englishman!

Beethoven's overtures were never as popular as his symphonies, but several of them were performed with great frequency at one period or another. Early in the century, a number of concert programmes included an "Overture" by Beethoven. But this term, which had not long before been completely synonymous with "Symphony", was still frequently used to mean Symphony.¹⁸ An Overture with a name was usually given its name in the programme, so it is quite probable that an unnamed "Overture" in a programme did indeed often refer to a Symphony. Some cases of unspecified "Overtures" by Beethoven are listed below.

Date	Concert	Description
24th May, 1805.	2nd Amateur Concert.	Grand Overture.
13th Mar., 1806.	New Musical Fund.	Grand Overture.
16th Jun., 1808.	Salomon's subscription concert.	Grand Overture.
16th May, 1809.	Pio Cianchettini's benefit.	Grand Overture.
25th Feb., 1811.	Knyvett & Mrs. Vaughan's concert.	Grand Finale. ¹⁹
7 Mar., 1811.	do.	Grand Overture.

The Overture to *Prometheus* was performed in the first season of the Philharmonic, on 31st May, 1813, and frequently thereafter. Ries gave a performance of a "New Grand Overture (never performed in this country)" by Beethoven, at his benefit on 22nd May, 1815. This could conceivably have been Symphony no. 7, though it is not very likely that Ries would have described that work as an Overture. It is much likelier that it was the overture to *Egmont*, which was performed a week later at the Philharmonic.

Mr. MacArdle has described²⁰ how the Society commissioned three overtures from Beethoven in 1815, but was fobbed off with two old ones and the *op.* 115 which the composer was already writing for the Emperor's name-day. He has not, perhaps, made it quite clear that only one of the three overtures that Beethoven sent was actually performed at the Philharmonic, on 25th March, 1816. Since this was given no name it was probably the *op.* 115, later to be known as *Namensfeier*. The other two were merely tried out at rehearsal. (One of them, *King Stephen*, was performed at the Philharmonic in 1841 and on two later occasions; the other, *The Ruins of Athens*, never.) The overture *Fidelio* had its first London performance in 1817;²¹ *Coriolan* also in 1817; *Leonora no. 3*²² in 1822; and *Die Weihe des Hauses* in 1823.

¹⁸ For instance, the programme of Salomon's concert for 20th May, 1801, refers to Haydn's "Surprise Overture".

¹⁹ An Overture played at the end of a concert was often called a *Finale*.

²⁰ *Op. cit.*, pp. 1-2.

²¹ The opera *Fidelio* was not staged in London until 1832.

²² The programme says only "Leonora". But in a Catalogue of the music in the Library of the Philharmonic Society, with incipits, printed about 1820, the only one of the "Leonora" overtures included is "No. 3", and it is described simply as "Leonora".

The table below shows the number of performances of Beethoven's symphonies and overtures at the Philharmonic Society down to 1850. It is arranged by decades, the first decade being incomplete, consisting of 8 seasons only. Since it was very rare for any work to be performed more than once in a season,²² 10 performances is normally the maximum for any single work in a decade. Thus the number of performances may be treated as a number on a scale of popularity from 0 to 10.

	1813-20	1821-30	1831-40	1841-50	1813-50
<i>Symphonies</i>					
Unspecified	10	—	—	—	10
No. 1	2	5	3	3	13
No. 2	3	8	6	6	23
No. 3	2	4	8	5	19
No. 4	0	9	8	8	25
No. 5	5	10	10	9	34
No. 6	2	9	9	9	29
No. 7	1	10	9	10	30
No. 8	—	4	6	7	17
No. 9	—	1	2	3	6
Total	25	60	61	60	206
<i>Overtures</i>					
Unspecified	1	1	—	—	2
<i>Prometheus</i>	9	4	1	1	15
<i>Coriolan</i>	2	3	1	1	7
<i>Leonora</i> (No. 3)	0	3	4	7	14
<i>Leonora</i> (No. 1)	0	0	0	1	1
<i>Egmont</i>	5	10	7	5	27
<i>Fidelio</i>	6	6	4	2	18
<i>King Stephen</i>	0	0	0	1	1
<i>Die Weihe des Hauses</i>	—	2	0	1	3
Total	23	29	17	19	88

By way of comparison, similar figures are given for the most popular works by other composers.

Work (with date of 1st performance if after 1817)	1813-20	1821-30	1831-40	1841-50	1813-50
<i>Symphonies</i> ²⁴					
Haydn, no. 95	2	4	2	3	11
Haydn, no. 104	1	5	4	1	11
Haydn, no. 103	2	3	3	2	10
Mozart, K. 543	4	10	9	5	28
Mozart, K. 550	2	7	7	7	23
Spohr, no. 1 (1820)	1	4	3	1	9
Mendelssohn, "Scotch" (1842)	—	—	—	6	6

²² The overture to *Prometheus* was, however, performed twice in the 1818 season. Some of Cherubini's overtures were also performed twice in some early seasons.

²⁴ The figures for individual Haydn and Mozart symphonies for 1813-20 are unrealistically low, because until 1817 the particular works are unspecified. Figures for the *Jupiter* Symphony, K. 551, cannot be given at all, for the reason explained in note 11 above. In fact this Symphony was probably played at least as frequently as K. 543 or K. 550, both of which could be identified by their keys alone.

Work (with date of 1st performance if after 1817)	1813-20	1821-30	1831-40	1841-50	1851-60
<i>Overtures</i>					
Mozart, <i>Zauberflöte</i>	5	7	7	4	23
Mozart, <i>Tito</i>	6	1	1	2	10
Cherubini, <i>Anacreon</i> ..	12	9	9	6	36
Cherubini, <i>Les Deux Journées</i>	9	9	7	8	33
Winter, <i>Tamerlane</i>	4	4	2	3	13
Winter, <i>Calypso</i>	4	3	2	3	12
A. J. Romberg, <i>Ov. in D</i> (1820)	1	9	4	1	15
Spohr, <i>Jessonda</i> (1826) ..	—	3	4	3	10
Weber, <i>Freischütz</i> (1824) ..	—	7	9	7	23
Weber, <i>Euryanthe</i> (1825) ..	—	5	9	9	23
Weber, <i>Ruler of the Spirits</i> (1826)	—	4	8	8	20
Weber, <i>Oberon</i> (1827) ..	—	3	10	6	19
Mendelssohn, <i>Midsummer</i> <i>Night's Dream</i> (1830) ..	—	1	5	5	11
<i>Totals</i>					
Haydn, symphonies	39	42	28	25	134
Mozart, symphonies	29	39	35	25	128
Mozart, overtures	16	13	10	6	45
Cherubini, overtures	34	30	22	17	103
Winter, overtures	4	13	6	6	29
Spohr, symphonies	2	6	13	9	30
Spohr, overtures	0	12	12	12	36
Weber, overtures	0	25	44	41	110
Rossini, overtures	0	1	1	1	3
Mendelssohn, symphonies ..	—	2	3	10	15
Mendelssohn, overtures ..	—	1	12	13	26

The main facts that emerge from these figures are as follows. Over the whole period, no other composer's symphonies were performed nearly as often as Beethoven's. The only two comparable composers were Haydn and Mozart. In the first decade, both were ahead of Beethoven; in the second, both were well behind him; in the third and fourth, Beethoven's symphonies were performed about twice as often as either Haydn's or Mozart's. Spohr and Mendelssohn were miles behind any of these composers, even in the forties. In regard to overtures, Beethoven was "beaten" by Cherubini in the first three decades and by Weber in the last two, but Mozart, Spohr, Rossini and Mendelssohn were all well behind. Cherubini's overture to *Anacreon* was actually performed more frequently than any other work over the whole period, but Beethoven's Symphony no. 5 was close behind it. The level of popularity attained by 1820 was fully maintained in the case of Beethoven's symphonies, but not in the case of his overtures.

Nietzsche's Attitude to Bizet

BY

JOHN W. KLEIN

NIETZSCHE's well-known and passionate championship of Bizet has been increasingly misinterpreted of recent years, mainly owing to a strange combination of prejudice and ignorance. The most insubstantial of legends has gradually been built up on one single utterance of Nietzsche's to a friend, Dr. Carl Fuchs, shortly before his complete mental breakdown, a statement which proves to be a startling and even brazen denial of everything he had affirmed, with absolute consistency, during the seven previous years.

On 27th December, 1888, the harassed Nietzsche, in fact, wrote to Fuchs: "You mustn't take too seriously what I have said about Bizet; in my present frame of mind he is a thousand times of no account. But, as an ironical anti-thesis against Wagner, it is extremely effective. After all, I should have displayed an incomparable lack of taste if I had begun my essay (on Wagner) by praising Beethoven". Only a week later his mind gave way.

With a sigh of relief many leading Wagnerites (mostly German, though recently there has been an appreciable sprinkling of American, English and even French critics) grasped at this bare statement, for Nietzsche's apotheosis of Bizet and, even more, his wholesale denunciation of Wagner had saddened, disconcerted and outraged them. That the greatest German philosopher of the latter half of the nineteenth century should have preferred the composer of *Carmen* to the mighty Wagner had always struck them as an incomprehensible aberration. But now they were completely reassured; at last they could pride themselves on having fathomed Nietzsche's innermost thoughts. His extravagant praise of *Carmen* had, after all, been no more than an ironic jest at Wagner's expense. He had never intended anybody to take it seriously; it had been solely in a mood of impish malice that he had set up Bizet as a man of straw to poke gentle fun at the sole musician he had ever genuinely admired.

Nothing could be further from the truth. By indulging in such sweeping statements, these critics revealed themselves as poor psychologists, and even worse musicologists. For they deliberately ignored an overwhelming mass of evidence proving Nietzsche's almost fanatical devotion to Bizet. Undiscerningly they had regarded as a prank what happened to be the most long-lived passion in the unhappy life of one who was otherwise only too prone to ephemeral enthusiasms. Most of the German critics had obviously been influenced by nationalistic prejudices based not merely on wishful thinking but on a total ignorance of the facts. Unfortunately, their erroneous views have been echoed by eminent British and even French musicologists who have not troubled to sift the evidence for themselves. Rarely, indeed, has so poor a case been bolstered up by such pathetically flimsy special pleading.

More conscientious critics have, however, taken up another attitude that is almost equally unjustifiable, though considerably more sensible. Thus,

Thomas Mann "could not believe his eyes" when he read Nietzsche's "startling letter" to Fuchs so soon after the "enthraling" apotheosis of Bizet in *The Case of Wagner*. He reaches the far-fetched conclusion that Nietzsche must never be taken literally, that even his most straightforward and moving utterances are generally meant ironically. Ernest Newman adopts a sterner attitude. Examining the incriminating letter, he is not—like so many of Wagner's German champions—relieved, but outraged. For here, he believed, was yet one further instance of Nietzsche's incorrigible unreliability, of his morbid and uncontrollable revulsions of feeling. In his *Life of Wagner* Newman bluntly states that Nietzsche was deliberately "bearing false witness", because what he had told Fuchs was in flat contradiction to what he had previously asserted time and again with the utmost vehemence and conviction. According to him, Nietzsche was merely an unscrupulous neurotic shifting crazily from attitude to attitude.

But in this particular instance Newman is far too harsh—he was, in fact, not fully aware of Nietzsche's psychological and mental condition at the time he wrote his mystifying letter. He greatly overrated its importance and drew very hasty conclusions regarding the philosopher's integrity as a critic. For the truth in this particular instance is precisely the reverse. Never during his whole life was Nietzsche more consistent and sincere in his attitude to any great musician than he was with regard to Bizet. The disconcerting statement to Dr. Fuchs, when he was no longer responsible for his actions, was therefore wholly unrepresentative of his genuine convictions; and to rush to the conclusion that it possessed any ultimate significance reveals a complete ignorance of his character and mentality.

Let us briefly enumerate Nietzsche's reactions to Bizet—from his first casual visit on 27th November, 1881, to the Politeama at Genoa to hear an opera named *Carmen* to the last disgruntled letter to Fuchs in December, 1888. That first hearing of a relatively unknown work by a composer of whom he himself had never even heard and who had already been dead for more than six years proved to be an unforgettable experience; it sparked off one of the few great and significant musical enthusiasms in the history of literature or philosophy. Indeed, Nietzsche's devotion to Bizet was scarcely less ardent and fanatical than Shaw's to Mozart—"everyone appears a sentimental, hysterical bungler in comparison". Notwithstanding their radically different temperaments, Nietzsche and Shaw had certain points in common: they tended to be fierce, devastating critics; yet when they were powerfully drawn to some congenial composer, they were swept off their feet and were disposed to relinquish all sense of proportion. It is, indeed, strange that these two fiery iconoclasts, who delighted in demolishing established reputations, should develop into the most fervent hero-worshippers. As a matter of fact, Shaw's attitude to Mozart and Nietzsche's to Bizet are, in many respects, strikingly alike. Such adulation has, owing to its very excess, been scathingly criticized; yet there is not a shred of evidence to prove that it was not in both cases entirely sincere.

There can be little doubt that Nietzsche's discovery of Bizet's masterpiece was the most overwhelming musical experience of his life (as it was also of

Tchaikovsky's). At last, the aching void left by Wagner was filled. "I was very ill, but I am well again, thanks to *Carmen*" is a characteristic remark—one of many very similar utterances during that hectically productive period. His enthusiasm in this case sounds infinitely more genuine than in some of his previous panegyrics on Wagner; how exuberantly does it overflow into his correspondence to all and sundry. It is almost as though Bizet had given him a new lease of life. Here, he believed, was an "undiscovered genius" like himself, full of gaiety and vigour. To sing alone in the wilderness was heart-breaking enough, as his own experience had sufficiently taught him. But now he had found a kindred spirit, and the very thought filled him with a passionate joy. During the winter of 1881-82 he was for once in the best of health, roaming about the mountains singing José's "gloriously naïve" song: "Who goes there? Dragoon of Alcalá!"

Nietzsche prided himself on having been the first to recognize the permanent as well as the international significance of *Carmen*. He was, however, mistaken, for he was unaware that Tchaikovsky had done so six years previously. The effect was in certain respects similar, for it led to a new orientation in the thought of both men. "Think of what we miss in Wagner", Nietzsche wrote, "*la gaya scienza*, light feet, wit, fire, grave, grand logic, the exultant spirituality, the vibrating light of the South, the smooth sea, perfect symmetry". Now nearly all these qualities he believed he had found in *Carmen*; and that at the very moment when he had imagined them impossible of realization. It is significant that much of the inspiration for his favourite work, *La Gaya Scienza* came to him during those early weeks of 1882, when he was literally obsessed by Bizet's masterpiece with its "tender, golden harmonies".

In January of that year, "the most beautiful month of January that I have ever spent", Nietzsche forwarded the piano score of *Carmen* to his bosom friend Peter Gast with the remark: "I have ventured to write in it a few marginal notes and I rely entirely on your humanity and musical feeling. The discovery of *Carmen* was a wonderful stroke of luck; and Genoa is very much dearer to me on account of this opera".

These marginal notes remain the most convincing proof of Nietzsche's profound admiration for Bizet. Reading them, Ernest Newman was deeply shocked at what he regarded as the "duplicity" of the philosopher's subsequent reference to the composer of *Carmen*. The significance of these annotations may, indeed, have been overrated; yet we are repeatedly struck by the justice and penetration of Nietzsche's views. It is interesting to note that he praises not merely the most impressive pages of the score, but several striking or beautiful things that are frequently overlooked or scorned. Thus, he admires the duettino between Carmen and Escamillo in the last act; he describes it as "inexpressibly poignant, with a heavenly simplicity of invention", and in this case he is surely nearer the mark than those critics who fatuously regard it as just trite. Even the much derided Toreador song meets with his approval. With more insight than Debussy, who believed that it was a blot on the score, he writes: "It could not be more characteristic. It has passed into the blood of the Genoese; into mine as well".

Yet still more significant is the fact that his favourite piece of music was the electrifying prelude to the last act: Bizet at his most mercurial, perhaps at his most inimitable. "Ah, how one's heart throbs!" he exclaims. "How escape from the obsession of the inevitable! It is the fever of passion ready for death. And how wonderfully orchestrated it is!" On another occasion he writes: "You ought to hear the death-like silence that reigns when the Genoese listen to their favourite piece, the prelude to the fourth act, and the shouts for an encore that follow". For once the rowdy audience that generally outraged his fastidious nature seemed inspiring, because in this instance he fully shared its noisy enthusiasm.

He was, moreover, particularly impressed by the combination of great drama and great music in the final duet—"a dramatic masterpiece to study for climax, contrast and logic—here we are in the presence of real tragedy music". Subsequently he was to write: "Have more painful, more tragic accents ever been heard on the stage before?"

Ernest Newman believed that Nietzsche could never have envisaged the publication of his rapturous marginal notes in the score of *Carmen*—or he would scarcely have risked so deliberate an untruth as his final remark about Bizet to Dr. Fuchs. But, in this case, Newman overlooks the fact that there are certain moments when every highly-strung artist indulges in reckless statements; when what he blurts out provocatively should surely be taken with a grain of salt. Did not Mahler once dogmatically assert that there were only two composers who really mattered: Beethoven and Wagner? And yet he conducted Mozart's operas with a reverence very similar to the spirit in which Nietzsche listened to *Carmen*.

Newman, moreover, suggests that Nietzsche obviously understood Bizet as little as he did Wagner. He is unduly contemptuous of the philosopher's first impression that Bizet was a gifted disciple of Berlioz. But this apparently fatuous remark is not altogether devoid of truth. Bizet, as we know, fiercely championed *Les Troyens* at a time when it was almost completely neglected; and Berlioz' attempt to obliterate the boundaries between the comic and the tragic (*viz.* the sentinels' duet in the last act of his masterpiece) may have encouraged Bizet to solve the very problem that had so baffled the older composer. Moreover, we come across striking similarities that can scarcely be entirely fortuitous: one need only compare the smugglers' march in *Carmen* with Panthée's impassioned demand that the Trojans should sail at once from Carthage. ("*Nous avons trop longtemps bravé l'ordre céleste*").

Newman, however, is somewhat more discerning than the critics who welcomed Nietzsche's enigmatic letter to Fuchs with such relief as the obvious solution of the whole problem; the latter would find themselves hard pressed to explain why the philosopher—apart from that one solitary remark—never wavered in his admiration for Bizet during the whole of the seven years previous to his mental collapse. In a hectic life full of swiftly changing views this consistency remains unique. Occasionally he may do lip-service to other musicians, but never to Bizet, "who is a delight to me, whose spirit I would like to permeate my whole surroundings, whom I need for the sake of my

health". Never does he cease to sing his praises "at the top of his voice"—as Ernest Newman somewhat caustically remarks.

The subject must, indeed, have wearied his protégé Peter Gast, for Nietzsche was constantly urging him to tread in Bizet's footsteps. "Yes, my dear old friend", he writes a year after he had forwarded the score of *Carmen* to Gast, "I was once again absolutely happy; when Bizet's music is played, some very, very deep stratum is stirred within me and, whilst listening, I always feel resolved to hold out to the bitter end and to unburden my heart of its supremest malice rather than to perish beneath the weight of my own thoughts. During the performance I compose Dionysian songs in which I dare to express the most fearful things both fearfully and humorously. Every time I listen to *Carmen* I feel more remote from the vapid idealism of Schumann and Brahms".

To please Gast, he reluctantly attended a performance of *The Barber of Seville*. It was wonderfully produced, he grudgingly admitted; but, unfortunately, he had grown to dislike the music, for "it is an entirely different Seville that I love now". And once again we are reminded of his exclamation: "*Carmen* is worth a whole journey to Spain"!

That his own work at this time was visibly influenced by Bizet even a cursory glance will reveal. One tends to think not only of *La Gaya Scienza*, with its almost obsessive emphasis on the very qualities of bold vitality and roguish grace which he had praised in *Carmen*, but even of his masterpiece, *Thus spake Zarathustra*, in which there is already a hint of the provocative style of *The Case of Wagner*. The composer of *Tristan* is somewhat crudely denounced as "the evil old musician" who endeavours to "seduce somnolent senses with thunder and heavenly fireworks", whilst Bizet's music is the voice of true beauty that "speaks gently and appeals only to the most awakened senses". For at that time Nietzsche had come to regard Wagner's music (to quote Gerald Abraham) as "ultimately little more than an elaborate assault on the nerves".

Two years after *Zarathustra*: in 1886, in *Beyond Good and Evil*, Nietzsche expresses himself still more clearly and definitely. Wagner strikes him as hopelessly and exclusively German, "the cranky and desperate decadent afloat on a sea of patriotic nonsense and self-adoration". Bizet, on the other hand, is the very embodiment of the good European whose music he considers a successful half-way synthesis of the North and the South. "It is for those rare men who are too comprehensive to find fulfilment in any kind of patriotism", he writes, "that Bizet has made music, this latest genius who has perceived a new beauty and a new enchantment, who has discovered new lands—the Southern lands of music".

This may strike one as an over-simplification of an unusually complex problem; yet Nietzsche remains, on the whole, astonishingly logical and consistent in his reasoning. The critics, indeed, who assert—on the flimsy evidence of a single letter—that he never took Bizet seriously, are confronted by the most impressive proofs to the contrary—proofs of altogether crushing finality.

Moreover, in 1887 Nietzsche, for the only time in his life as far as any musician apart from his friend Peter Gast was concerned, engaged in practical

propaganda on Bizet's behalf. He had converted Hans von Bülow, whose "*Leiblieblingsoper*" was *Carmen*; he had influenced Hermann Levi, who had conducted the first performance of *Parsifal*, and who was now "even more of a Bizet enthusiast than I am myself". He had induced Felix Mottl to perform *L'Arlésienne* and the *Roma* Symphony; and subsequently he addressed a letter of thanks to him for his tireless efforts to popularize Bizet's lesser known works. Only *The Pearl Fishers* failed to impress him. He was convinced—with some justification—that in this early opera Bizet had not yet succeeded in consolidating his individuality. But, worst of all, it reminded him of Wagner's detested *Lohengrin*. As a matter of fact, even in his beloved Bizet he occasionally detected disquieting traces of Wagnerian influence. Thus, he found the Micaëla-José duet in the first act of *Carmen* "too *tannhäuserhaft*", though he relented a little by adding that Micaëla's beautiful melody is "precisely what Wolfram von Eschenbach wished to sing in praise of love, but of course he was unable to recollect the tune and was compelled to content himself with expressing his longing for it". It is interesting to note that Wagner himself was attracted by this duet, almost as though he had divined in it a delicate and moving tribute to his own genius. Nietzsche's curious belief that Wagner disliked Bizet is founded on nothing more substantial than an anecdote casually related by his friend, Baron von Gersdorff. On the contrary, there is overwhelming evidence that Wagner shared Nietzsche's enthusiasm for *Carmen*.

In the meantime, the "undiscovered genius" had become one of the most successful of composers. When Wagner was acclaimed as the idol of the "herd", Nietzsche had been nauseated. But as soon as Bizet scored a somewhat similar triumph, the philosopher was proud and exhilarated, informing everybody of how the French and Italian opera-houses could scarcely remain open without *Carmen*. Yet to him this seemed a worthy success, for was it not the triumph of beauty and grace over pretentious arrogance?

Five years after his first hearing of *Carmen* Nietzsche's enthusiasm remained as fervent as ever. An interesting anecdote is told by Arthur Egidi, a young Nietzsche admirer. He was discussing music with the philosopher and praising Bach and Beethoven. To his mortification, Nietzsche (whose attitude to Beethoven was growing steadily more antagonistic) fell into a listless silence. His eyes were lustreless and he replied only in monosyllables: when, unexpectedly, a name was spoken that exercised an almost magical effect. It was that of Bizet. Of a sudden the philosopher's whole frame quivered in feverish excitement, "his deep-set eyes flashed fire, and his words rolled forth with the impetuosity of a mountain torrent". Here, at last, he felt was a nimble art "blazing up like a pure flame into a cloudless sky"—the only art, he added, that could render him productive and ease the heavy burden that ceaselessly threatened to crush him.

At length, we reach the crucial year 1888, the final year of Nietzsche's mental sanity. Already there are significant symptoms that he is reaching the end of his tether; yet there is not the slightest indication that his admiration for Bizet, "this last master of French music", is beginning to wane. On the contrary,

it seems to grow in feverish intensity. In those last months before his mind ultimately gave way, spiritually and intellectually he clung even more desperately to the composer of *Carmen*, who by now had been transfigured into the very symbol of health and sanity. Nietzsche no longer criticized him, as he had criticized the romantic *Pearl Fishers* and the Micaëla music. Shortly before the final catastrophe he wrote enthusiastically to Fuchs about the *Patrie* overture, admittedly one of the most uneven of Bizet's works: "It is very dramatic; you should hear how the little man grows heroic". Incidentally, it is curious that he should have admired *Patrie* and the *Roma* Symphony ("extraordinarily naïve and subtle simultaneously") almost as fervently as *L'Arlesienne*, with its "sublime" *adagietto*.

The early months of 1888 he spent at one of his favourite resorts: Nice. "Music these days has filled me with sensations I had never felt before", he writes to Peter Gast. "It frees, it strengthens me and, always, after an evening of music (I have heard *Carmen* four times) comes a morning full of resolute views and daring discoveries. That is very strange. I feel as though I had been bathing in a more congenial element. Without music what is life but a mistake, a weariness, an exile!"

But by now music had become to him practically synonymous with Bizet's work. "His orchestration is almost the only one I can endure at present", he was to state four months later in *The Case of Wagner*. After one performance of *Carmen* he wrote: "It was a veritable event for me: in those four hours I experienced and understood more than in any four ordinary weeks. The work produced an incomparably tragic impression". And it was, in fact, this tragic insight into life which appealed so powerfully to him; in Germany, he believed, this obvious virtue was undiscerningly ignored.

On 6th April, 1888, Nietzsche—restless as ever—travelled to Turin. At that time what he regarded as an "epidemic" of *Carmen* broke out—"to celebrate my arrival", he somewhat facetiously exclaims. "*Successo piramidale*", he writes to both Gast and Fuchs, "*tutto Torino carmenizzato!*" Incidentally, how strange it is that most critics remember only one single letter to Fuchs, when there are so many others expressing radically different views!

As the catastrophe approached, Nietzsche appears to have had a premonition of his untimely fate; his restlessness had become so abnormal that he shunned even the theatre. Yet he was still able to listen "with gentle reverence" for "five hours" [*sic*] to Bizet's music—"the first step to holiness". (No doubt the encores in an Italian theatre were unduly generous, and possibly Nietzsche, enveloped in a pleasant haze, was oblivious of the interminable intervals.) After nearly a decade of increasing mental tension only one feeling remained as ardent as ever: his devotion to Bizet. His remarks in 1888 happen, indeed, to be strikingly similar to those in 1881. Surely it was, to a great extent, this passion that urged him to embark on his mysterious and controversial *Case of Wagner*.

Critics are still at loggerheads concerning his mental condition during this period. What precisely was the spirit in which the sorely tried philosopher wrote his last important essay? Indications of a disquieting mental instability

were becoming much more pronounced; a growing megalomania casts a sinister shadow over his whole work. "I am the greatest authority on music—the only one" had by that time become almost the "leitmotiv" of his life. *The Case of Wagner* is, nevertheless, lively, caustic, provocative—above all, considerably more readable than his early Wagner essays. There are flashes of insight that illuminate a whole problem, though Nietzsche still tends to interpret—or rather misinterpret—both Wagner and Bizet in accordance with his own most pronounced prejudices and obsessions. Fundamentally, however, it must be admitted that, despite its brilliance, the essay is not altogether worthy of a great philosopher; in its occasionally hysterical outpourings there is an unmistakable element of personal bitterness. Consequently, the Wagnerites were legitimately incensed by such an extravagant denunciation of their idol. They ignored the force and ingenuity of Nietzsche's reasoning and even the unexpected references to Wagner's exceptional gifts as a "miniaturist" poignantly expressing in a few bars the profound melancholy of existence. The sole thing they were capable of realizing was that Nietzsche appeared to revel in a type of ridicule that verged on indelicacy; that he regarded Bizet as perfect and Wagner as monstrously absurd. One has, indeed, only to compare two diametrically opposed references to *Lohengrin* in *Richard Wagner in Bayreuth* and *The Case of Wagner* to become instantly aware of alarming signs not merely of an uncharacteristic flippancy but also of a veritable spiritual decline.

Yet in this otherwise rather malicious study of the "perfidious" Wagner one striking fact emerges: the beauty of the opening chapter devoted to Bizet: "How such a work completes one! One almost becomes a masterpiece oneself". There is no mistaking the note of boundless adulation—to represent it as merely hypocritical is sheer nonsense. Georg Brandes, the Danish Shakespearean critic, was deeply moved and volunteered to send the essay to Bizet's widow—an idea that appealed very forcibly to Nietzsche. Strindberg, moreover, was impressed by the subtlety and artistic dignity of the impassioned apotheosis of *Carmen* and stated that it would be read gladly and widely in France.

The Case of Wagner is, in fact, the last really inspired piece of writing that Nietzsche ever penned. Nevertheless, the moment Bizet disappears to be replaced by "that disease", Wagner, the essay tends to degenerate into almost childish abuse. For it is significant that Nietzsche was always at his most poetic when he was praising something he loved; often at his worst and weirdest when he either hated or despised an artist or his creations. Then an element of vulgarity would intrude into his otherwise aristocratic work and he became wholly at the mercy of his mania for paradox. Newman sums him up fairly accurately when he says that at any given moment he is "capable of singing like a poet, philosophizing like a sage or braying like an ass". In *The Case of Wagner* Bizet surely inspired him to sing like a poet, but Wagner only too frequently prompted him merely to bray.

He himself realized that this truculent essay (published on 22nd September, 1888) would create a sensation, though he had scarcely foreseen the kind of welcome it would receive. Daniel Halévy justifiably states that the slender

volume attracted more attention and stirred up more controversy than any of its author's previous works. One should, however, bear in mind that Nietzsche was almost as little read during his lifetime as Shelley and Keats had been during theirs. Nevertheless, his few readers—chiefly fanatical Wagnerites—were infuriated. Fortunately, Wagner himself was dead: he could scarcely have stomached such ruthless ridicule. His followers, however, lacked his sense of values, for, whereas Wagner had been highly appreciative of *Carmen*, they denounced it as a trivial and ephemeral potboiler. They imagined that by following a bad musical fashion and making indiscriminate fun of the work that Nietzsche had proclaimed "the opera of operas", they would succeed in turning him into a laughing-stock; but, in fact, they were merely aping his eccentricities without possessing either his insight or his genius. Most of their essays and booklets are of an intolerable priggishness and superciliousness.

One particularly insensitive review, nevertheless, cut Nietzsche to the quick. Richard Pohl, a venomous critic who outdoes his opponent in virulent abuse, wrote: "A man who is capable of listening to *Carmen* no fewer than twenty times in a state of gentle reverence must be suffering from softening of the brain". This vicious attack (with its cruel revelation of Wagner's secret contempt for Nietzsche) exercised a devastating effect on the philosopher; already he had been told that he would probably end in a mental home. No doubt, without fully realizing it, his implacable opponent had stumbled on what was practically the truth: Nietzsche's mind was, in fact, at last on the verge of collapse. In vain did he strive to console himself by writing a chaotic fragment entitled "*Ecce Homo*", which reveals additional disquieting symptoms of unbridled vanity. Soon he was signing his letters "Nietzsche Caesar".

Yet, most significant of all, is the fact that it was only during the very last week of his mental sanity that he penned the notorious letter to Fuchs that too many critics have asserted revealed his true attitude towards Bizet. Ruthlessly the unhappy man discarded what was surely the most genuine passion of his life; clumsily he endeavoured to reassure a possibly semi-disillusioned friend by denying his most consistent beliefs.

Thomas Mann tells us that Nietzsche's outburst took his breath away; yet, in the circumstances, even this strange letter is partly understandable. Nietzsche's last work had outraged the majority of his handful of admirers considerably more than he could have foreseen. And now, on the brink of disaster, he grimly realized that Bizet's music could no longer "save" him, as it had done in the past. During the last years he had clung to it almost feverishly; whilst he was bearing an almost intolerable burden, it was *Carmen* which had been his safety-valve; constantly it had inspired, stimulated, calmed him when he felt most agonizingly frustrated. Bizet alone had succeeded in overcoming his horror of the theatre, that "coarse plebeian art" appealing nearly always to the "herd". Even when this horror had assumed almost pathological proportions, to deny himself *Carmen* had remained for him the bitterest of renunciations. In this respect his correspondence is singularly enlightening.

But now this last redeeming influence had lost its almost magic power. His enthusiastic praise of the musician he had idolized had been met with a storm of derision; he who had somewhat naively expected to be acclaimed for his acumen was ridiculed for his bad taste. Wrestling for mastery with his growing megalomania was a morbid self-distrust. For the first time in his life he spoke belittlingly of one whom he had consistently admired. Nevertheless, what he asserted at such a moment can scarcely be of more than pathological interest. To represent it dogmatically as Nietzsche's considered and definitive judgment is lacking in all sense of proportion.

Moreover the letter itself, if carefully examined, subtly reveals a particularly harassed and bewildered frame of mind. Martin Cooper, by asserting that it was written a *year*, instead of a mere week, before Nietzsche's final collapse (i.e. nine months before *The Case of Wagner*) seriously distorts the evidence and, no doubt quite unintentionally, transforms Nietzsche not only into an erratic and unbalanced thinker but also into the most despicable of hypocrites. But then is it not amazing that none of all the critics who have made what they regard as a momentous discovery should have taken the trouble to find out even the approximate date of Nietzsche's last letter to Fuchs?

A hypocrite he undoubtedly was not. During his unhappy life there were only two great musicians whom he really passionately admired: Wagner and Bizet. (He appears to have been practically unaware of the existence of their chief operatic contemporaries: for instance, he was surprisingly indifferent to Verdi.) Yet, though he never entirely lost interest in Wagner's music, Bizet appealed to his more basic emotions. Only in the composer of *Carmen* had he discovered the qualities that he believed might "mediterraneanize" music, those very virtues that he missed in Wagner and that he implicitly demanded from music: "The delicate Southern clearness of the sky, the *limpidez* of the air; charm and wit, roguishness and grace".

Nevertheless, these were not the only characteristics that rendered *Carmen* so uniquely satisfying to him. Others existed that were scarcely less significant: strength without brutality, tragedy without pomposity, true drama with scarcely a suggestion of melodrama. Here was music triumphantly free from the pernicious "lie of the grand style". Uncompromisingly truthful, Bizet alone dared to depict love realistically (not, like Wagner, romantically) as "a fatality, cynical, innocent, ruthless—and precisely in this way nature. The love whose means is war, whose very essence is the mortal hatred between the sexes. Such a conception of love (the only one worthy of a philosopher) is rare; it distinguishes one work from among a thousand others". And he concludes with intuitive penetration: "I, indeed, know of no case in which the tragic irony which constitutes the kernel of love is expressed with such severity or in so terrible a formula as in the last cry of Don José with which the opera ends". (Subsequently Debussy was to echo these words, stating that this sublime outburst was more moving than anything in Wagner.)

Nevertheless, Nietzsche exaggerates Bizet's attitude to sex, which was clearly far less dogmatic and Strindbergian than his own, though there can be little doubt that Bizet's own marriage did—to a great extent—fit in with the

philosopher's bitter conception of love. However, *Carmen*, as Professor Jacques Barzun points out, "heralded a sexual revolution in the operatic theatre", and it is surely significant that it was the only nineteenth-century opera that appealed very strongly to Freud. In fact, the work was a reaction, perhaps partly unconscious, against what Nietzsche himself ironically stigmatized as "Senta-Sentimentalität".

Certainly the more one studies the problem of Nietzsche and Bizet, the more one is amazed that scholarly critics such as James Huneker, André Schaeffner, Edward Lockspeiser, Heinrich Mann and many others could ever have suggested that it was only as a malicious joke that Nietzsche had set up Bizet to fight the Wagner idol. In the composer of *Carmen* he had, in fact, at last discovered a conception of life more akin to his own and fundamentally antagonistic to that of Wagner. The hoary old legend of his praising *Carmen* with his tongue in his cheek is consequently ludicrously devoid of foundation, and it is necessary to discredit it, whether or not one shares Nietzsche's somewhat extreme views.

After all, in the preface to *The Case of Wagner* he himself had definitely stated that he wished to make one point clear, "which does not admit of levity"; namely, that after the tragic disillusionment occasioned him by Wagner, it was for him a veritable "triumph" to learn to love anything else. Consequently, his devotion to Bizet appears no less significant than his early passion for Wagner. For, gradually, it wove itself into the very texture of his thoughts and work, into the actions of his everyday life. For no fewer than seven years it remained a stimulus to increasingly vital literary activity, without at any time growing into an irritant or becoming what he surely dreaded most of all: a second spiritual tyranny.

Music as Symbol

REFLECTIONS ON MR. DERYCK COOKE'S THE LANGUAGE OF MUSIC

BY

ROBERT L. JACOBS

I write not as one affronted or irritated by Mr. Cooke. Very much the reverse. I can imagine no higher praise than to assert that his book achieved its purpose of deciphering music as a language of emotion, a "report on human experience", and so rescuing it from the "intellectual-aesthetic limbo" of formalism, whose stronghold today is non-tonality. I think his book a masterly and brilliant performance, even though in my view it did not quite achieve this aim. Marshalling arguments which did not promote his cause and neglecting to recruit others which might have done, Mr. Cooke failed to consolidate certain vital positions and exposed himself to dangerous flank attacks. These critical "Reflections" are a modest attempt to play Blücher to his Wellington, bring up reinforcements to drive home the advantage he has gained.

Perhaps Mr. Cooke's most significant failure to consolidate a vital position was his Functional Analysis-inspired analysis of Mozart's G minor Symphony, in which he set himself to demonstrate the symphonic functioning of the terms of musical language by showing how certain terms pervaded the whole work. He concentrated on the opening G minor figure and it served him well—but not well enough: other figures in other keys had to be played down, the reader to be assured that they were "not basic, but parenthetical", that what they represented was "not abiding actuality, but possibility, hope, hypothesis, or *at best interlude*" [*italics mine*].¹ "At best interlude" seems a peculiarly misleading way of describing passages employing key contrast, the structural dynamic of the classical symphony. Perhaps as a piece of poetic licence it might have passed muster, had Mr. Cooke elsewhere investigated the structural functioning of key. But this he does not do. He dwells eloquently on the expressive effect of major-minor key-contrast, and when the context calls for it includes passages of detailed harmonic analysis, but the significance of key change and of harmony in general are topics of which for some reason he tends to fight shy.²

And yet harmony is central to Mr. Cooke's basic conception, to his view of music as a compound of acoustically significant, purely musical "tonal tensions", derived from the Harmonic Series, and of "vitalizing, characterizing agents" of rhythm, *tempo*, dynamics, texture and tone-colour. He discusses

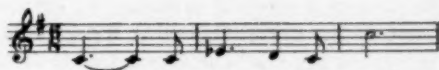
¹ P. 242.

² A striking example of this is Mr. Cooke's discussion of "up" and "down" effects of pitch (p. 102 *seq.*). He refers to various themes and figures in order to show how "up" and "down" can be made to suggest other directions—"out" and "in", "to and "fro", "away" and "back"—but leaves entirely on one side the relevant topics of chromaticism and key change.

how the "tonal tensions" are derived from the Harmonic Series and then proceeds to his main task of showing how Western music from Dufay to Stravinsky is a "language" employing a "vocabulary" of melodic "basic terms", framed round the fundamental "tonal tensions", and retaining their significance, modified by the "vitalizing, characterizing agents". Launched upon this task, Mr. Cooke tends to put harmony, the basis of the "tonal tensions", into the background. He does not deny that it may negate the effect of a melodic "basic term"; he even gives a telling example of such a case: the *Siegfried* motive, where submediant harmony transforms the minor sixth, "normally a note of anguish", into one of "joy".³ But there the melody, however transformed, is still paramount; Mr. Cooke gives us no example of harmony paramount—of a case such as this from the bridge passage of the *Prague*, where the gist of the music is not, as in the *Siegfried* motive, the progression to the minor sixth, but the sudden rush of submediant harmony:



That in Mr. Cooke's example melody is paramount and that here it is not can be seen if we imagine how completely the stuffing would have been knocked out of *Siegfried* if his motive had leapt to the octave instead of to the minor sixth:



and how much less it would have mattered if Mozart had written:



Of course it is only natural that an analysis of such unprecedented scope, intended to serve as a "broad preliminary survey" of an uncharted field, and endeavouring to present its findings in a form accessible to a wide public, should have put melody in the foreground. Nor is there any question of Mr. Cooke taking the line of least resistance: this was the method which made his analysis possible and he employed it brilliantly. Nevertheless the fact remains that by his subordination of harmony he cut the ground from under his feet when, having drawn up his vocabulary of "basic terms", he set out to analyze a classical symphony. He tries to save the situation by assuring the reader

³ P. 127.

that "thematic development is simply the extension of melody, and functions in exactly the same way as melody does"; and that "the organization of the tonal scheme is simply an extension of harmony, and functions in exactly the same way as harmony does".⁴ But this is oversimplifying the case. In a classical symphony melody is not throughout developing thematically (as witness that above quoted passage from the *Prague*) and when it does, *ipso facto* it surrenders its sovereignty to the "organization of the tonal scheme". As witness the climax of the development section of the first movement of the *Eroica*, where no more is asked of the melody than that it should keep on executing its thematic *arpeggio*, while the harmony modulates from E flat minor to D flat major, back to E flat minor, and then, "*sempr. cresc.*" out to its glorious climax on E flat minor's submediant chord of C flat. Or (and this is of course the supreme example) the famous bars after this passage, where the argument becomes nakedly harmonic, the issue nothing but whether the resolution of a minor sixth upon a dominant seventh will (as the minor sixth implies) lead back yet again to E flat minor, or whether Beethoven will have the heroic effrontery (the horns' celebrated entry announces that he will) to modulate to E flat major.

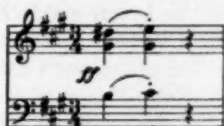
Associated (how I shall discuss below) with this failure to come to grips with harmony is Mr. Cooke's failure to provide a convincing, consistent account of the aesthetics of form.

He attempts to take the citadel of formalism by storm. Whereas painting, he says, "conveys feeling through a visual image" and literature "through a rationally intelligible statement", music "conveys the naked feeling direct".⁵ Thus musical form is to be understood as "emotion-converted-into form".⁶ As the meaning of a watch is the time it tells, not the elaborate mechanism of the telling, so the meaning of a piece of music is the emotion it conveys, not the formal arrangement of the notes conveying it.⁷ This emotion one could try to name—thus one could say that the *Gloria* theme of the *Missa Solennis* conveyed "exultant super-vitality"—but the name "can be nothing but a group of imprecise verbal symbols assembled in the hope of conveying an idea of the feeling one experiences . . . of being lifted out of one's seat as it were".⁸ This feeling is the echo of an actual feeling—Beethoven's joy in the thought of God's glory—which inspired the theme. "Beethoven . . . might have jumped for joy or shouted for joy . . . and thus communicated his sense of joy to a few people living in Vienna at that time. Being a composer, he was not merely content to transform his powerful emotional energy into such ephemeral forms of physical energy, but felt the need to convert it into a permanent, stored-up, transportable and reproducible form of energy—a musical shout for joy, as it were, that all the world might hear . . .".⁹ In the context of Mr. Cooke's forceful analysis of the *Gloria* theme (" . . . that swift breathless rush in fast triple time, driving through the five notes of the basic term from a barely established foothold on the tonic straight up to the dominant"¹⁰) this view of

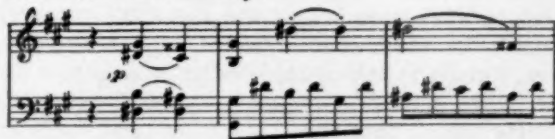
⁴ P. 225.⁵ P. 198-99.⁶ P. 20-1.⁷ P. 199.⁸ P. 202.⁹ P. 209.¹⁰ P. 178.

music expressing "the naked feeling direct" is plausible. It is still plausible when, having completed his vocabulary of "basic terms", Mr. Cooke paves the way to his demonstration of their functioning in a symphony by giving us a phrase-by-phrase analysis of some eight-bar themes. He has no difficulty in showing how the emotional character of such a theme is determined by "basic terms" operating through its phrases. He draws the conclusion that an extended theme's "functioning is hardly more complex than that of the single phrase: it merely expresses two or three kindred emotional elements mingled together, instead of a single one".¹¹ He then proceeds (after indicating briefly the part played by "basic terms" in the themes and developments of the *Eroica*) to his analysis of the Mozart G minor.

Suppose however (and this indeed is what one might have expected) Mr. Cooke had paved his way to the Mozart G minor by following up his discussion of an eight-bar theme with analysis of some short piece or movement. Suppose he had taken the Scherzo of Beethoven's piano Sonata, *op. 2*, no. 2, which commences with a joyful A major *arpeggio* figure, modulates *via* F sharp minor to G sharp minor and in this key introduces a contrasting wistful melody. This *contrast*, bound up with the emotional character of the piece as a whole, would make it impossible for Mr. Cooke to draw here the analogy he successfully drew between the "single phrase" and the extended theme conveying "two or three *kindred* emotional elements". What then? Following Mr. Cooke, we should have to assume that as Beethoven converted joy in the thought of God's glory into the *Gloria* theme, so he converted an experience of joy-passing-into-wistfulness into the A major and G sharp minor melodies of the Scherzo. We should have to assume that the quality of absolute inevitability, absolute logic which we feel in the modulation—in the *arpeggio* figure, shifted to the bass, moving to F sharp minor; in the sudden halt on G sharp minor's subdominant:



in the quiet lift into the new melody:



—we should have to assume that all this was somehow predetermined in Beethoven's actual experience, that the inevitability, the logic were the expression of emotions actually lived through. But this flies in the face of our experience of emotions actually lived through: they are illogical, disorderly, inchoate, volatile, and of no man is this truer than Beethoven.

¹¹ P. 224.

However it is not really certain that Mr. Cooke expects us to make this assumption. Elsewhere he acknowledges that emotion "converted-into-form" undergoes a metamorphosis, is transformed by "creative imagination".¹² Nor does he overlook the distinction between the emotions of life and those expressed in art: the artist, he says, "has to weave the emotions he is expressing into an intellectually and *emotionally coherent* [italics mine] statement". He goes on to argue that this "emotionally coherent" statement nevertheless conveys "real" emotions; that emotions "woven together in this artistically formal way do not cease to be emotions because they do not float about vaguely as in real life"; that "in fact, they become even more 'real' by their isolation and sensitive combination in a great work of art". He concludes that "the great artist makes a supremely 'right' statement of the emotions one feels oneself but cannot organize into a satisfying expression".¹³ But this "supremely 'right' statement"—the be-all and end-all of the whole business—the great artist obviously makes in virtue of his command of form . . . which leaves one wondering how wise it is to insist, as Mr. Cooke does, upon regarding form as a thing into which emotion has been "converted". Obviously some more drastic transformation takes place than this point of view allows for.

One's suspicion that in his eagerness to rescue music from the "intellectual-aesthetic limbo" of formalism Mr. Cooke overreaches himself is strengthened by his handling of the crucial topic of what constitutes musicality. He comes down heavily on the side of emotion. Those are musical who can "respond naturally to music with their feelings";¹⁴ incapacity to do this "is as clear evidence of unmusicality in a professor of music as it is in a navvy, even though the professor may have performed miracles of musicology or technical analysis, and may even have a long list of *opus* numbers to his credit".¹⁵ The sense in which such a professor *is* musical is not discussed. We are left mournfully reflecting that this engaging piece of polemic is a half-truth and that a half-truth for Mr. Cooke's purpose is not good enough. A criterion of musicality incapable of distinguishing between a professor of music and a navvy should have been discarded and a better one found.

Music, Combarieu said, is "the art of thinking in sounds without concepts". Music, Combarieu also said, "translates the dynamism of the psychic life". Of these two famous *dicta* there is no doubt which Mr. Cooke prefers. "Art of thinking" smacks too much of formalism, brings music too close to architecture. It was precisely by taking music as far away as he could from architecture that Mr. Cooke, in his first chapter, prepared the ground for his assault on formalism. He argued that music is architectural "only in the limited world of polyphony", *i.e.* of the pre-classical polyphonists and of the "quasi-mathematical" polyphony of Hindemith and the *serialists*. In this "limited world", for all that the thematic material of polyphony may be highly

¹² Thus he describes the rhythmic impulse of the *Gloria* theme as "a form of physical energy into which the 'current' of the composer's emotion is converted by the act of the creative imagination". P. 181.

¹³ P. 31.

¹⁴ P. 204.

¹⁵ P. 205.

expressive, "construction is primarily intellectual and the impact primarily formal".¹⁶ Outside this world things are different: a symphony is comparable to a piece of architecture, but "we might just as well (more profitably, in fact) compare its structure to that of a drama, a succession of contrasted events in time following one another by a chain of cause and effect".¹⁷ All of which is highly vulnerable. Polyphony cannot be locked up in a department labelled "primarily intellectual". Even if it could be, architectural devices of imitation, inversion and the like, in that they shape and normalize the variegated interplay of polyphonic parts, are intrinsically expressive, create a sense of order wrung from chaos, of mind triumphing over matter. And to compare a symphony to a drama without taking into account the undramatic recapitulation principle is misleading, to put it mildly.

Actually there was no need for Mr. Cooke to expose himself to these damaging objections. Instead of shying away from the implications of Combarieu's "art of thinking" he would have done better to welcome them.

Let us return to that hypothetical professor of Mr. Cooke's who cannot "transform music into feeling" and imagine him at the keyboard impassively improvising a fugue. His performance would leave us cold—all the same we would be impressed by his command of "the art of thinking in sounds without concepts", his power to deploy on the spur of the moment the shaping controlling devices of polyphony and key change. We would notice too that although his playing is impassive he has the air of one concentrated upon a task that is giving him pleasure. We would wish that Mr. Cooke had told us more about his strange inability to "transform music into feeling". Does he lack a normal man's emotional capacity? Mr. Cooke has not said so. Does he lack creative imagination? One who can improvise a fugue, however impassively, must have some—certainly more than the mere music-lover, who may not know what a fugue is, and yet may have the gift of "transforming music in tofeeling". Just what is this precious gift the gods have denied the unfortunate professor?

It is said that fruitful speculation depends upon "asking the right questions", those which go to the root of a problem and compel us to re-orientate our thinking. I believe that the question I have just put is such a one, and that if we look in the right quarter for an answer we might find a clue which would enable us to strengthen the basis and resolve the inconsistencies of Mr. Cooke's argument.

By the "right quarter" I mean the illuminating study of musical symbolism contained in Suzanne Langer's famous work, *Philosophy in a New Key*. Mr. Cooke deals with musical symbolism explicitly only when he is considering vocal and illustrative music. Langer argues that music is intrinsically symbolic, and builds this argument into the framework of a theory of mind challenging the no-nonsense rationalism of science.¹⁸ She challenges the

¹⁶ P. 9.

¹⁷ P. 9.

¹⁸ "In the fundamental notion of symbolization . . . lies a new conception of 'mentality', that may illumine questions of life and consciousness, instead of obscuring them as traditional 'scientific methods' have done". P. 25.

genetic psychologist for whom the prototype of symbolism is language and symbolism therefore essentially the instrument of rational purposive thought evolved by man in the struggle for existence. This biological view, she argues, does not explain why man's thinking so often goes awry; does not explain his propensity for magic and ritual "hopelessly inappropriate to the preservation and increase of life";¹⁹ does not explain the purposeless activity of his dreaming; does not explain his high regard for art; does not explain why when he first began to employ verbal symbols in the "chattering" stage of early childhood, pouring out "often repeated, disconnected random words",²⁰ he enjoyed the activity for its own sake. She concludes that the biological view is too narrow and that symbolism must be understood as the instrument of an innate need in man for self-expression. "The material furnished by the senses is constantly wrought into symbols which are elementary ideas. Some of these ideas (*i.e.*, words) can be combined and manipulated in the manner we call 'reasoning'. Others do not lend themselves to this use".²¹ But these others—images, gestures, sounds—are not, because they do not lend themselves to reasoning, therefore less articulate than words. They articulate—and this is the crux of the argument—*what words are incapable of rendering*. They convey the grasped-in-a-flash shape and feel of things (of the wavering multi-shadowed mass of a tree) which words, unless a poet uses them symbolically, can only discourse *about*, only discuss. Art is a symbolic articulation of all-pervasive Feeling—feeling the feel of things; feeling ourselves in the act of feeling—of Feeling, which develops as the mind develops, which is "transformed and disciplined through its interplay with other aspects of experience".²² And as the prototype of a symbolism articulating what words cannot render Langer cites "the art of thinking in sounds without concepts".

Discussing this art, she remarks that if music is symbolic its forms must have some objective "logical" correspondence with the feelings they symbolize and to prove that this is so surveys some of the ground explored by Mr. Cooke. She reaches the conclusion that "many factors of possible expressive virtue are involved in even the simplest musical structure".²³ But in the course of reaching it she draws a radical distinction, not drawn by Mr. Cooke, between the emotion evoked by the structure's form and the emotion-in-the-raw conveyed by the "factors of possible expressive virtue". The "factors of possible expressive virtue" involved in the *Gloria* theme are (among others) its rising vocal line and swift *tempo*, which are expressive because raising the voice and moving rapidly are signs, indications, symptoms of actual excitement-in-the-raw. Mr. Cooke holds that when Beethoven composed this theme, the current of his actual emotion, his "joy in the thought of God's glory", was "converted by the act of the creative imagination", and adds "just as, without the intervention of this faculty, it might be converted into a vocal utterance or a physical movement".²⁴ Langer holds that when creative imagination intervenes, the "current" of actual emotion, which might otherwise be converted

¹⁹ P. 36.²⁰ P. 43.²¹ P. 42.²² J. E. Creighton: *Reason and Feeling*, cit. Suzanne Langer, *Philosophy in a New Key*, p. 100.²³ P. 231.²⁴ P. 181.

into symptomatic shouts or movements, is switched off; that within the context of art symptoms of actual excitement become formalized, "distanced". She argues that if this does not happen a composer (and performer) is merely "emoting", merely letting off steam, *and hence failing to make a vital distinction between the symptom, the manifestation of a mere affect, and the articulate symbol, which "lets us conceive its object", imparts insight and the emotion which insight brings*". She quotes the following passage from Bullough's *Psychical Distance*:

"Distance . . . is obtained by separating the object and its appeal from one's own self, by putting it out of gear with practical needs and ends. But . . . distance does not imply an impersonal, purely intellectually interested relation. . . . On the contrary, it describes a *personal* relation, often emotionally coloured, but of a *peculiar* character. Its peculiarity lies in that the personal character of the relation has been, so to speak, filtered. It has been cleared of the practical concrete nature of its appeal".²⁸

Langer adds:

"The content has been symbolized for us, and what it invites is not emotional response, but *insight*. 'Psychical Distance' is simply the experience of apprehending through a symbol what was not articulated before . . . if the content be the life of feeling, impulse, passion, then the symbols which reveal it will not be the sounds or actions that normally would *express* this life; not associated signs, but symbolic forms must convey it to our understanding".²⁹

"Symbolic forms must convey it to our understanding" . . . it seems to me that Mr. Cooke would do well to weigh those words. His "basic terms"—the "ascending 1-(2)-3-(4)-5 (major) expressing an "outgoing, active, assertive emotion of joy";²⁷ the ascending 5-1-(2)-3 (major) in that it aims at the third, "more expressive of joy pure and simple";²⁸ the ascending 1-(2)-3-(4)-5 (minor) expressing an "outgoing feeling of pain";²⁹ *etc.*—are what Langer calls "symbolic forms", through which "the life of feeling, impulse, passion" is "conveyed to our understanding". From which it might follow that instead of thinking of music as "form-into-which-emotion-is-converted" we should rather think of it as form to which, in so far as we respond to its symbolism, emotion is *attracted*. And since music is a compound of purely musical and other-than purely musical elements—of acoustically significant "tonal tensions" and psycho-physiologically expressive rhythm, *tempo*, dynamics—we could suppose that its symbolism too is compound, in other words, that music is an amalgam of symbolic melodic, harmonic, polyphonic, rhythmic, dynamic, tone-colouristic forms. Were this so, we could suppose that each of us, according to his need and temperament, responds differently to the elements of this symbolic amalgam. We could suppose that Mr. Cooke's hypothetical professor did not lack ability to "transform music into feeling" because he lacked a normal man's capacity to feel; that what the gods had denied him was a normal man's response to the excitement of accent, volume and rhythm, the primitive earthy elements of the musical amalgam. Therefore his impassively improvised fugue, *tour de force* though it might be, would leave us cold.

²⁸ P. 223.

²⁷ P. 115.

²⁸ P. 223-24.

²⁹ P. 119.

³⁰ P. 122.

"Symbolic forms must convey it to our understanding"—perhaps these words provide the clue which might enable us to strengthen the basis and resolve the inconsistencies of Mr. Cooke's argument.

Thus they might enable us to resolve the inconsistency of regarding a musical work of art as an "emotionally coherent" statement and yet at the same time a statement conveying "real" emotions. Obviously if music's forms are not charged with emotion they are a dead letter, mere cerebration. But this emotion is not "real": it is experienced "outside" life, evoked by a symbol, inviting us to feel for the sheer sake of feeling, and dictating what the feeling shall be. Yet we can agree that music is a "language", though by "language" we do not quite mean what Mr. Cooke does. By their shapeliness and coherence music's symbolic forms make it possible to recognize, comprehend, relate, *think in terms of* what otherwise we merely register, merely live through. Mr. Cooke has this in mind of course when he writes that emotions "become even more 'real' by their isolation and sensitive combination in a great work of art". In one sense, which he overlooks, they are no longer 'real' at all; in another sense they are more 'real' because it is only when emotions are thus "isolated and sensitively combined" in symbolic form that we can understand their nature and content. As Langer puts it, it is only then that we can understand "how feelings go".³⁰

If music's forms are thought of as intrinsically symbolic then the citadel of formalism, which Mr. Cooke desperately tries to take by storm, could be annexed without the shedding of a single drop of blood.

There would be no need to try to lock up the element of architecture into a "limited world" of polyphony. For one could claim that polyphony, the arcanum of the citadel, is intrinsically symbolic. I observed above that "architectural devices of imitation, inversion and the like, in that they shape and formalize the variegated interplay of polyphonic parts, are intrinsically expressive, create a sense of order wrung from chaos, of mind triumphing over matter". One could elaborate this. In "life" where

"we have no time to stand and stare"

we go about our affairs through a welter of scarcely noticed, scarcely conscious impressions and sensations: feelings pleasurable and not; shapes and objects resembling each other and not—round, straight, upright, flat, stationary, moving, high, low, far, near. A polyphonic texture governed by imitation, inversion, augmentation, diminution, *stretto*, each strand woven in relation to the others, the relation creating a host of resemblances, near-resemblances, contrasts, opposites, could be regarded as a "symbolic form" through which "life's" welter of sensations and impressions is "conveyed to our understanding".

In the citadel of formalism, interwoven with polyphony, is harmony.

I started this article by remarking upon Mr. Cooke's failure to do justice to the structural functioning of key in the Mozart G minor and noticing that this was symptomatic of a tendency to fight shy of key-relationship and of the

³⁰ P. 244.

subject of harmony generally. We can see now that he did this because, having set out to prove that music is a language, he saddled himself with an aesthetic which regarded form as a means to an end, an instrument of emotional expression. This aesthetic would work so long as he concentrated on the melodic functioning of the "tonal tensions". It would work while he was formulating the language's "basic terms"; minuscule figures, capable of being analyzed as the formal expression of some single more or less nameable emotion, joyful, painful or otherwise. But it would not work if he were to concentrate upon the "tonal tensions'" harmonic functioning, upon $\frac{5}{1}$ as well as 5-3-1. For then he would find himself in the world of key-relationship, a world of purely musical structural forces of which only one, major-minor contrast, has any literal parallel in the emotional experience of "life". It is to this one therefore that Mr. Cooke points, when he is endeavouring to prove, as his aesthetic demands he must, that form is a vehicle of expression. The others (the dominant, subdominant, "dominant of the dominant", mediant, submediant, flattened submediant, flattened supertonic, *etc.*, relationships) he either refers to only *en passant* or ignores altogether. For they cannot be conceived of as vehicles of expression waiting for emotions to board and set into motion. They go of their own accord.

But if music's forms are regarded as implicitly symbolic this autonomous world of key-relationship becomes a storehouse of meaning. Music, said Sir Thomas Browne, is "a shadowed and hieroglyphical lesson of the whole world". Those famous words were written in the sixteenth century before the "lesson" had revealed its wealth of latent meaning. Through the tonality of a Mozart, a Beethoven, that "whole world" is a world at the centre of which we ourselves stand, a world built around a symbolical ego, a "subject", journeying from the key of the tonic to goals, so near, so far, undergoing vicissitudes, arriving suddenly or gradually, directly or deviously, easily or painfully, the journey a symbol of the shape and meaning of experience.

. . . And the non-tonality of the disorientated, *Angst*-stricken twentieth-century composer the tormented symbol of a shapeless meaningless experience, some would feel inclined to add—among them Mr. Cooke, who when he set out to rescue music from the "intellectual aesthetic limbo" of formalism delivered the following challenge:

" . . . that the new music shuns the basic acoustical consonances of the octave, fifth and fourth and triad suggests that it does not express the simple fundamental sense of being at one with nature and life. This may by no means be the case of course: it could be that we are just misapprehending the new language, as we have often tended to misapprehend the old. But the burden of proof that this is *not* the case should now be fairly and squarely on the shoulders of the non-tonal composers and theorists".²¹

Mr. Cooke made the burden of this proof heavy by his meticulous analysis of the old language's powers of expression, creating the presumption that a new language's sphere of expression is one of unmitigated pain. He could have

²¹ P. xiii.

made it even heavier had he adopted a different aesthetic, regarded form not as an instrument of expression, but as a symbolic *source* of expression. For then the non-tonal composer would have to prove that the symbolism of his forms was "at one with nature and with life". He would have to prove that this symbolism was not tormented—and hence not suspect. For "tormented symbolism" sounds like a contradiction in terms. How can a "tormented" embodiment of shapeless meaningless experience fulfil a symbol's function of "letting us conceive its object", of "imparting insight and the emotion which insight brings"? What guarantee can it offer that it is not a symbol at all, but a symptom—a signal of distress hoisted under the banner of a strange device, an expression of *Angst* masquerading as abstraction?

As Mr. Cooke left matters, however, this burden of proof can be waived. It can be argued that whether the terms of non-tonal language are "at one with nature and life", whether the symbolism (if any) of non-tonal forms is tormented is immaterial. It can be argued that the non-tonal composer's concern is with form alone; with form self-evidently significant except to ears and minds conditioned and prejudiced by the too-glorious associations of the past; with form, the pure gold of intellectual-aesthetic experience, untouched by the dross of no matter what torment, shapelessness, meaninglessness.

But though Mr. Cooke's rescue-operation did not quite achieve its purpose, his endeavour was very far from having been in vain. Thanks to him, the air has been cleared, the issues defined, the battle joined. The stronghold still stands, its guns still fire, but it no longer looks so safe.

Wordless Functional Analysis: the second year and beyond—II

BY

HANS KELLER

"THE music behind the music" was what I called my wordless analytic scores at the end of the first part of the present essay,¹ where I pointed out that intellectualism died hard and that one encountered a frequent need to translate my scores "back" into conceptual thought—as if they had ever arisen there! It cannot be stressed too emphatically that *ceteris paribus*, a verbal analysis music can never get as far as a wordless one. You cannot fix a word, a term, to any given instance of a background unity of contrasts, because any such instance, if it is any good, is unique, whereas any possible term is an abstraction applicable to more than one case. Thus, conventional analysis tends to isolate what is, from the artistic point of view, the least important aspect of any particular musical thought—namely, that which it has in common with other thoughts in other works. This is how one gets at the scheme of things, not at the substance which is the scheme's *raison d'être*, and which is totally different in every meaningful instance.

So far as criticism of artistic communication is concerned, the most functional use of words is doubtless to be found in literary criticism, where we get words about words. However, even in criticism of the visual arts, although the word is heard (even when it is read) while the picture is seen, verbal thought is in more immediate touch with its subject matter than in music criticism. For verbal thought deals with concepts; and a concept, as the *Concise Oxford Dictionary* has it, is an "idea of a class of objects", each of which is seen rather than heard: a "thing placed before eyes", a "thing observed with optical instrument or represented in picture". Conceptual thought is in fact absolutely dependent on vision from which, after all, it derives. Even a person born blind "sees" with his thoughts: the visual part of the job has been done for him. Purely musical thought, on the other hand, is absolutely independent of vision, and in this respect it forms a unique province within the mind, the only one, too, which even the most advanced depth psychologists have so far failed to penetrate beyond the surface. Unmusical people, including certain leading contemporary composers, cannot possibly know how the musician's mind functions: there is nothing outside it to help them.

It is no accident, then, that of all the categories of aesthetic criticism, it is music criticism which at last develops the wordless approach; nor can I attribute the singularity of this advance to my own talent. The fact is quite simply that the revolution—I am using the word in a very literal sense, with no more than the indispensable amount of self-praise—has happened in the one field where it had become necessary, if not indeed inevitable.

¹ MR, February, 1960, p. 76.

The first half of the twentieth century, it must be realized, had seen what we might call an unprecedented musicalization of musical criticism (though only, of course, amongst the small minority of responsible writers on music). The literary approach, so beloved in the romantic era which generally tried to marry music to the extra-musical, had gradually fallen into disrepute—more drastically so than it deserved. The “factual” reaction had set in, led by a new race of composer-critics and their pupils who, with considerable justification, tried to obliterate the border-line between music criticism and the teaching of composition. The music critic without technical knowledge, in the nineteenth century a tolerated alien amongst musicians, was fast becoming a downright undesirable foreigner. Step by step, a new school of analytic criticism developed which tried to adjust conceptual thought to musical thought processes, introducing more and more technical terms in an effort to escape the extra-musical aspects of conceptual thought about music. The musician critics, myself among them, introduced words designed to carry no extra-musical overtones at all, technical terms *par excellence*. And now the paradox happened. The more musical our critical language became, the more the increasing complexity of our static musical terms tried to do justice to the dynamic nature of musical thought, the less musical it seemed to those who were unable or unwilling to follow us. We had become too complicated, unreadable if not unstudyable. The poetry had gone out of criticism. The more blood we pumped into it, the drier it appeared to those who never attempted to understand it. In the end, there were articles, essays, books, and very good ones too, which were bought, reviewed, discussed, but never read. I am aware of more than one important piece of work of which, to the best of my knowledge, I have remained the only reader.

The revolution had to come. Not even I myself, however, was conscious at that stage of the extent to which it was over-determined by every possible musical reason in the world. When all is said and done, functional analysis is merely doing what literary criticism has always been doing: it uses the art's own language. This kind of revolution has never happened before and is unlikely ever to happen in any of the other arts; for it was in music alone that the circumstances obtained for such a drastic and yet essentially organic break with not only the entire tradition, but the very postulates, of an intellectual discipline.

Has, then, a new critical language been discovered? Nothing new is ever discovered: everything discoverable has been there all the time. And a language is never new, for if its terms are not known it is not a language. Nothing new has to be learnt in order to understand functional analysis; on the contrary, something new has to be dropped—the verbal obsession of our age. In the circumstances, it is not surprising that most of the most understanding and unreserved supporters of FA are to be found in the “conservative” camp—people like Clifford Curzon or Sir Adrian Boult or Deryck Cooke, who had never succumbed to conceptual compulsions in the first place. Besides, they really know the music I am analysing, which is more than one can say of some of our advanced minds, who are perceptibly terrified when left to their own ears. I

know of somebody who thought the analytic postlude to the fourth movement of the *Lark* Quartet (FA no. 4) was by Haydn, despite the fact that it moves to and fro between the outer movements!

In the first part of this essay, I was not yet in a position to mention my next analysis, FA no. 10, which will be "behind" Beethoven's fifth Symphony. Though the analytic score has been commissioned by the BBC, the suggestion that I should analyse the Fifth originally came from Deryck Cooke. The conductor will be Sir Adrian Boult. I shall choose the "Simpson" version of the Symphony for my text, *i.e.* the one in which the first performances of the work were given, with the scherzo and trio repeated.² Simpson and Boult prefer it; others prefer the usual version; I prefer both: I think that Beethoven's indecision in the matter was musically meaningful, that there is a strong point to either version, and that the particular justification of either can only be sharply seen if both are known from musical experience. Since the usual version is known anyway, my choice was clear; besides, there may be an analytic reaction or two to the "Simpson" version itself: I do not really know yet.

² Cf. Robert Simpson, "The First Version of Beethoven's C minor Symphony", in *The Score*, January, 1960, pp. 30-34.

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Letter on America

BY

EVERETT HELM

Two years have elapsed since my last report from America appeared in these columns. It was concerned almost exclusively with the musical scene in California, that most egregious and astounding of the forty-eight "original" states. (Not having visited Hawaii or Alaska, I exclude them from the comparison.) A recently-concluded three months' sojourn in California established that what I wrote in the May, 1958, issue of *THE MUSIC REVIEW* is still valid in every respect. But as things change at an enormously fast rate in this incredible part of the world, the following observations can serve as an appendage to that article and thus bring the reader up to date.

The Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra has made something of a "coup" by engaging Georg Solti as its permanent conductor. The General Musical Director of the Frankfurt-am-Main opera has had outstanding success in many American cities, including Los Angeles, where he conducted several concerts during the past season.

Two years ago I wrote of California's "rapid expansion" and Los Angeles' "fractious and unfettered increase". No more perfect example of this could be found than the San Fernando Valley State College, located in the broad, fertile valley just over a ridge of hills from Los Angeles and constituting, in effect, a monstrous suburb. When I last visited the West Coast, in the spring of 1958, the College was still being built; it opened in the autumn. Today it has some 7000 students, and the original plant is already inadequate. By 1968 the student body will number 18,000, according to present estimates. I shall gladly give three-to-one odds that this figure is too conservative. This college has the good fortune of having the composer Gerald Strang as head of its music department. He is planning not for today but for that future which he expects to be as boisterous as I do. The music building, just completed, is one of the finest in the country.

Three months of my American sojourn were spent at the Huntington Hartford Foundation in Pacific Palisades, near Los Angeles, which I do not hesitate to describe as the nearest thing to paradise this side of heaven. The Foundation, founded and maintained by Huntington Hartford, major owner of the largest chain of American grocery stores, consists of a large tract of land at the end of one of the most beautiful of the many canyons that run almost from the sea into the mountains by which Greater Los Angeles is backed. Over these grounds are scattered a number of cottages in which the Fellows live and work during their residence. Composers, painters, sculptors and writers are invited to spend terms ranging from one to six months there, free from all financial worries and entirely "insulated" from the world, in order to devote themselves completely to creative work in an atmosphere ideal to concentration.

For those who cannot stand complete isolation, the city is only a car's throw away—20 minutes for example to the nearby University of California at Los Angeles and forty to Hollywood. I, for one, can stand this absolute peace and quiet very well, and I took particular delight in staying away from urban attractions as much as possible and concentrating solely on the work in hand, which was composition. I did break out occasionally to attend some musical events, including several of the Monday Evening Concerts, which continue to make an important contribution, through their interesting "off-beat" programmes, to Los Angeles musical life. I arrived in California just too late to catch what was reputed to be a stunning performance of Strauss' *Capriccio* at U.S.C. (University of Southern California), but witnessed an excellent one of Debussy's *Pelléas et Mélisande* given in English by the opera department of U.C.L.A. The singers, all of them students, were generally equal to the demands of the score, and their acting was more convincing than what I have seen in many professional performances in Europe. The student orchestra got off to a rough start but after the first few minutes did a remarkable job.

Before going there I had imagined Denton, Texas, as the absolute end of the world. Quite the contrary, however; it is a buzzing cultural centre, thanks to the presence of

North Texas State College, which has one of the best music departments, headed by Dean Kenneth Cuthbert, in the Southwest. Its faculty includes two internationally-known scholars, Dr. Lloyd Hibberd and Dr. Helen Hewitt, and the outstanding conductor George Morey. It was a pleasant surprise to find myself lecturing here to music students more interested in Machaut and Monteverdi than in Marilyn Monroe and Mercedes-Benz.

Although musical life in the United States is becoming somewhat less centralized and the Pacific Coast is becoming an increasingly more important second centre, New York City still is the nation's musical capital. Quite justly so, it must be added, for the quantity and quality of music-making in and around Manhattan is little less than stupendous. I shall make no attempt at "covering" New York music thoroughly—not even to the extent of mentioning all the events I succeeded in attending during my two stops in the metropolis—the first on my way West in November-December, the second on the return journey in May. I *must* mention, however, the magnificent work being done by the New York City Ballet, whose performances rank among the best in the world. Nowhere, I submit, could one find more truly original and contemporary dancing than in the ballet *Episodes*, which, contrary to all expectations, proved to be a major "hit".

The music of *Episodes* is by Anton von Webern; this was the first time, so far as I know, that his music has been danced. It was a risky undertaking that demanded top-flight execution, which it got. The first half of the ballet is based on Webern's earlier works, beginning with the *Passacaglia*, *opus 1*, and proceeding without pause into other non-serial works. The second half was a similarly-joined series of late works, including the *Symphony*, *opus 21*, the *Variations*, *opus 30*, and others. And, *mirabile dictu*, this seemingly impossible procedure really worked. Even more remarkable was the fact that the two halves were "choreographed" (if such a verb exists, which I doubt; I use it here in protest against this lamentably widespread usage) by two very different and distinct choreographers. Martha Graham, a great artist of "representational" dance, was responsible for the first half, in which she also danced. It represented, not too literally and with some most effective symbolism, the encounter between Elizabeth of England and Mary, Queen of Scots, which ended in the latter's decapitation. The "scenery" was sparse, practically non-existent; the costumes of extraordinary richness and beauty. The dancing was somewhat on the "expressive" side, but without the *grotesqueries* and exaggerations that often make *Ausdruckstanz* painful to behold.

The second half was entirely abstract. In it George Balanchine demonstrated again that he is, at the very least, one of the world's great choreographers. Retaining a basis of classical ballet, in which the fundamental *entrechats*, *pirouettes*, etc., are clearly recognizable, he has expanded and modified the classical language of dance to include new elements, some of which stem from the typically American style of dancing that originated in the music hall and that is continued, on a higher plane, in the musical. The result is a style of ballet dancing that reflects the fact that we are living in the twentieth century—something that many ballet companies choose to ignore.

The New York Philharmonic Orchestra is flourishing as never before in its history under the direction of Leonard Bernstein. This enormously gifted, versatile musician has completely captured the American imagination. Every concert is sold out. Doubtless Bernstein's appearances on television have contributed to this success. He is a compelling speaker who has the audience with him from the first word—a mass-educator of surpassing ability.

Finally, mention should be made of the enormous, gaping hole that has been made in one of the most unsavoury districts of Manhattan. Where there were tenements, stores, garages and office buildings, there is now nothing at all. Here the Lincoln Centre of the arts will soon rear its proud head—the most colossal single undertaking of its kind since ancient times [*sic*]. It is exciting to contemplate; it will be even more exciting to see when it is finished. In the meantime, in case you have escaped reading about it elsewhere, Carnegie Hall has been "saved" again from impending demolition. That, too, is a cause for rejoicing.

ISCM. Festival in Cologne

THE thirty-fourth Festival of the International Society for Contemporary Music, held this year in Cologne between 10th and 19th June, was the biggest in this organization's history. Besides the symphony orchestra and chorus of the West German Radio, those of the North German Radio (Hamburg) and the orchestra of the Southwest German Radio (Baden-Baden) participated in an eight-day programme that left one groggy from the exertions of listening, and listening with concentration, to one new work after another.

The official part of the festival, consisting of three orchestral and three chamber music concerts, was supplemented by three special orchestral concerts and by nightly performances of modern stage works by the Cologne Opera.

As the result of a change in the statutes of the ISCM the 1960 festival was no longer a panoramic review of what is being written today in the whole world, from Iceland to South Africa. In principle this change should have been for the better, for it eliminated that dreary kind of piece in "C major" that used to clutter up these programmes. It resulted, however, in a very one-sided picture of contemporary music, in which most of the works performed represented the "way out" tendencies.

Cologne being the cradle, so to speak, of electronic music, it was logical that this new and as yet unproved form should be represented. Karlheinz Stockhausen's *Contacts* for electronic sounds, piano and percussion essayed a synthesis of "real" and electronic music. David Tudor moved between the piano, which was surrounded by a multitude of percussion gadgets, and two tam-tams in the centre of the stage, while Christoph Caskel serviced a seemingly infinite number of other percussion instruments. The 32 loudspeakers, operated by Stockhausen himself, produced some interesting effects (particularly that of the sound "wandering" through the hall), but the piece, which lasted over half an hour, became monotonous as it progressed. Herbert Eimert's imaginative *Selektion I* for four groups of loudspeakers was the more effective for its concise treatment of the material.

If all the dodecaphonic works had had the impulse and the musical meaning of Luigi Dallapiccola's *Canti di Liberazione*, one would have shouted "bravo!" for each one. This enormously difficult piece for chorus and orchestra is highly original and personal without having recourse to any tricks, gimmicks or formulae. Its impact on the audience, which consisted almost entirely of professional musicians, was reflected in the ovation it and its composer were given.

One of the most fascinating and, in its way, impressive pieces was the young Italian composer Niccolò Castiglioni's *Après lude* for orchestra. This curiously static, quiet piece, in which orchestral and harmonic colours are organized and handled with great sensitivity, contained some fascinating and exotic sounds which in their totality made very good sense indeed. This work was exceptional among those of the young composers in that it made no reference to post-Webern serialism.

The United States was represented by three works which, however different stylistically, shared a common quality: a concern with music and musical expression rather than with technique, devices and newness at any price. Roger Sessions' fourth Symphony, which sounded almost romantic in this context, was as impressive for its musical content as for its technical mastery. Gunther Schuller's virtuosic *Spectra* for orchestra approaches problems of form, and above all, colour, from a new perspective without ever ceasing to be music. Arthur Berger's string Quartet (1958) indicated that serial technique, intelligently employed, is by no means incompatible with expressive, meaningful music. Unfortunately the performance had to be interrupted twice to replace broken violin strings.

Listening to György Ligeti's *Apparitions* for orchestra was a little like watching the last house on the planet Earth burn down. This piece, consisting of sheer orchestral noises, most of them soft, was impressive in a rather fearful way. The composer's own programme notes are well worth quoting for the insight they give into the present state of music.

"In comprising the *Apparitions* I was confronted by a critical situation: the comprehensive adoption of serial technique resulted in a levelling of the harmonic factor; the character of the

individual intervals became constantly more indifferent. Two possibilities of overcoming this situation presented themselves: either to return to composing with specific intervals, or to push the already-advanced decay to its final consequences and to subject the character of the intervals to complete destruction. I chose the second possibility. By abolishing all interval functions the way was opened to composing the most subtly-differentiated musical complexes and noise-structures."

If Ligeti's piece is prophetic of the future (which I doubt), we can write "*finis*" to Occidental musical history. Actually, his orchestral sounds were so close to those of electronic music that he might well have written for that new medium.

Pierre Boulez' *Pli selon pli* (Portrait of Mallarmé), barely finished in time for the concert, received such a poor performance that little can be said of it. Ingvar Lidholm, a talented composer from whom one might have expected better things, produced a sterile orchestral piece, abounding in pointillistic clichés, entitled *Motus-colorus*. Like many of the festival's works, it was inordinately loud for the apparent sake of sheer loudness. The same might be said of Giselher Klebe's *Omaggio* for orchestra—a seemingly unmotivated work intended (of all things) as a tribute to Italy. This composer, who in recent works has not fulfilled the promise of his earlier ones, seems, like many of his colleagues, to have discovered the minor second, treated as a unison. As in Stockhausen's *Contacts* this practice produces unpleasant, strident sounds seemingly for their own sake.

The first German performance of Boris Blacher's *Requiem* in which the RIAS (Berlin) Chamber Chorus joined forces with the chorus and orchestra of the North German Radio (Hamburg), revealed a well-constructed piece along traditional lines that was distinguished by this composer's habitual economy in the use of the orchestral accompaniment. It formed a striking contrast to the previously-heard *Anagrama* by the Argentine Mauricio Kagel, performed by the Chamber Speaking Chorus of Zürich. Kagel's piece mixes nonsense lines in four languages in a pseudo-Dadaistic way that unfortunately lacks the wit and humour of Dadaism.

COLOGNE'S WEEK OF CONTEMPORARY MUSICAL THEATRE

The Festival of the International Society for Contemporary Music was supplemented and complemented by a "Week of Contemporary Musical Theatre" staged by the Cologne Municipal Opera. The concerts were so scheduled that the visitor was able to hear them all and attend each of the six opera and ballet performances as well.

These performances came, it must be confessed, as a certain relief from the more rarified, "abstract" atmosphere of the concert hall, in which the majority of compositions were based on predetermined structural plans, devices, theories and systems. The musical theatre cares little about such problems. Here it is a question of a more direct kind of expression; no matter how ingeniously stage music may be contrived, its primary function remains one of communication.

It is possible to have "all this and heaven too" in such rare instances as Alban Berg's *Wozzeck*, which was given an excellent performance under Joseph Rosenstock with Christl Goltz as Marie and Walter Berry as Wozzeck. Even though this masterpiece incorporates "constructive" elements, they remain entirely secondary. One is conscious only of the innate dramatic power of this gripping work, which has already become a classic and which draws full houses much as *Aida* does. It is remarkable too how this so-called "atonal" music sounds more and more tonal with each successive hearing.

The Fiery Angel, Prokofiev's five-act opera, made one acutely conscious of the inherent differences between concert and stage music. This passionate, unbridled score, in which, figuratively, no holds are barred, would be unthinkable in the concert hall. It is loosely constructed in the sense that its form is intelligible only in relation to the dramatic action, and it employs primitive devices that would have little significance apart from their theatrical context. Yet such is the strength of Prokofiev's musical personality that he can mould these elements, which (on the surface) also contain certain stylistic discrepancies, into a homogeneous whole. This early work of Prokofiev's had had only two previous performances—in the French Radio (1954) and at the Venice Biennale (1958)—both of them after the composer's death. I feel that it deserves many more—that it is,

in fact, one of the most impressive operas of the twentieth century. Impressive as music and, despite the curious story (involving witchcraft and black magic), as drama. After the tense, harrowing first act, it seemed that it would take a miracle to keep the work from sagging before the end. Through sheer power of invention and musical expression Prokofiev accomplished this miracle; there is practically no emotional let-down in the entire piece. The incantation scenes and, above all, the final act, contain some of Prokofiev's best music and some of the finest passages in modern opera.

In the exemplary performance Oscar Fritz Schuh proved again that he is in the front rank of European stage directors. His frequent partner, Caspar Neher, was responsible for the imaginative sets and costumes. Helga Pilarczyk was phenomenal in the leading role of Renata.

Quite in the Russian tradition, Nicolas Nabokov approaches the opera without inhibitions and lets fly with both barrels. *The Death of Grigori Rasputin* is essentially a romantic opera and as such an effective one. In telling the story of the plot ending with the assassination of the "Holy Devil" the librettists, Stephen Spender and the composer, employ a "flashback" technique reminiscent of film practice. As Nabokov himself indicates, the opera makes free use of various styles and techniques, "om Moussorgsky-like harmonies to twelve-tone rows. The binding factor is a distinctly Slavic quality that betrays the Russian origins of this cosmopolitan composer.

The team of Schuh and Neher again contributed superb stage direction and scenery to the success of the evening. Frans Andersson sang and acted the part of Rasputin splendidly; Denise Duval as the Countess Marina was excellent except for the fact that her German was difficult to understand.

Wolfgang Fortner's *Blood Wedding*, based on the play by Garcia Lorca, remains, I feel, this composer's best score. It has impact, motivation and expressiveness—qualities that seemed notably lacking in his *Aulodie* for oboe and orchestra, which had its *première* during the ISCM festival and which was so concerned with problems of structure and technique that it forgot to be music.

Stravinsky's "lyric fairy tale" *The Nightingale* and Ravel's *L'Enfant et les Sortilèges* provided a thoroughly enjoyable evening. Few of us had ever had the privilege of seeing a stage performance of *The Nightingale*, which Stravinsky wrote for the Diaghilev Ballets in 1914. The Cologne rendition tended more towards opera than ballet and resulted in something like a musical pantomime, making elaborate use of the stage equipment of the new opera house. It was a spectacular performance in its quiet way.

The ballet evening was considerably less successful. For reasons known only to himself the choreographer, Aurel von Milloss, used absolute music as the basis for ballets of a descriptive character. *La Sonate de L'Angoisse* was danced to Bartók's Sonata for Two Pianos and Percussion—a masterpiece that has its own life and inner drama and that was thwarted in these by the gratuitous anguish portrayed by the dancers. It had never occurred to us that the vigorous last movement was a tragic affair, full of *Weltschmerz*; interpreting it as such produced grotesque results. To cap the climax Stravinsky's Symphony in Three Movements was also "interpreted" in a ballet called *Tides*—a thoroughly unfortunate attempt to make the abstract mean something it does not.

E. H.

Hallé Concerts

1959-1960

Reporting events which may have distinguished the past season is an extremely simple task for two reasons. First, the written programmes offered so little by way either of new music or unusual old music that there is but poor fodder for the musicological high horse. Secondly, there was a handful of performances of a brilliance that demands not mere comment, but praise and, above all, gratitude. To these gifts we must first address ourselves.

John Barbirolli produced, on the evenings of 27th and 28th April, in the Free Trade Hall, performances of Mahler's ninth Symphony which will not in our lifetime be surpassed. These days, the unforgettable happens rarely; that it happened at this time is of the greatest significance to those who wrought it equally with those who heard it. The Hallé Society is going through a time of crisis. These are not the pages in which to attempt any analysis of their complex problems and those of the orchestra. The basic dilemma is horned on one side by the necessity to serve the functions of a resident orchestra, overworked, in continual danger of staleness, and fighting to keep its players from the *ad hoc* temptations of a competitive music industry, and on the other side by the self-imposed artistic demands which must be present as the soul of any musical undertaking. The beast that wears these horns is our old enemy, *money*. The story is a sad one; its final burden simple: unless some means is found to raise the Society's income the standards of programmes and of performance will progressively sink.

Although, as a complete experience it must take first place, the astounding Mahler performance did not stand alone. Under Sir Adrian Boult the Orchestra and Choir produced a Beethoven *Missa Solemnis* which came, as it should come, from out of this world. I have heard more grandly impressive performances. I have been more immediately moved by other interpretations. But Boult's restrained technique of letting the music speak for itself, his detailed insistence on every note and every timbre being heard to speak, and his obvious grasp of the music's textual relationships, produced a result of breath-taking spirituality. The quartet of Monson, Joyce, Galliver and Standen sang as though inspired; perhaps they were, for the orchestra was truly superb.

The Hallé Society marked the 150th anniversary of Haydn's death by performances of the first six Salomon symphonies—nos. 93–98 shared between Barbirolli, the resident George Weldon and various visiting conductors. Barbirolli provided, at the opening concert, the first performance of No. 93 in D to be heard in twenty-one years. Not only was his a most felicitous effort, but clearly some care had been taken to eradicate corruptions in the text and Robbins Landon himself could not have grumbled at the result. This seemed fine, it promised something which alone would make the season worthwhile. Two succeeding mid-week symphonies were introduced by ancient programme notes written long before modern Haydn scholarship had made its impact! The Society really ought, as I have said before, to do something about re-writing its dusty, ancient programme notes on standard works. Either that or suppress them in the interests, certainly, of their younger listeners. The analytical note on this year's No. 97 in C begins: "The key of C major is usually associated with a bright, breezy, open air feeling . . .". This kind of nonsense has no place alongside the standards which the concerts aim at and the orchestra claim. So, we had six well-known symphonies generally very well played. With the choir in their present form *The Seasons* would have been nice, if nothing else.

One of the more exceptional works which Barbirolli has established firmly in the Hallé repertoire is Bartók's Concerto for Orchestra. Again this year it had a performance of real orchestral virtuosity and, again, was received with wild acclaim by the same audience which, largely, stayed at home for *The Miraculous Mandarin* and has generally cold-shouldered the Bartók solo concertos.

The Scandinavian contralto, Kerstin Meyer, is now a regular visitor to Manchester, and over a few years one has seen her grow in musical stature. This season she sang Mahler and Brahms under Barbirolli. *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen* sung by a woman now irritates me beyond civility. But I must be more than civil, for here was remarkable use of a very fine voice. In the *Alto Rhapsody* it was even more apparent how fine a singer Miss Meyer might become.

Rudolf Kempe, Herman Lindars, Constantin Silvestri, George Weldon, Henryk Czyz, Georges Tzipine, George Hurst and Pierino Gamba all conducted during the season and soloists included Rubinstein, Arrau, Denis Matthews, Di Bonaventura, Stevan Bergmann, Clive Lythgoe, Mindru Katz, Ida Krehm and de Vito in the mid-week concerts. Perhaps the most memorable was Arrau's Beethoven C minor Concerto. Sir John's view

of the first movement was not Arrau's and it was delightful to observe the manner of their eventual coming together; Arrau all subtle persuasion, but badly misjudging dynamics and acoustics; Sir John all sympathy and generosity but insisting on being heard. These moments of professionalism, all too rarely exhibited with frankness, do much to enliven overplayed works and teach us much about them. The former infant prodigy Pierino Gamba conducted the orchestra in Mendelssohn (*Italian*), Falla, and Mozart. Denis Matthews played with him in the E flat Concerto K.482. Here there was no question that the pianist and the conductor could ever find common ground. We had to be satisfied with beautifully played solos against a deplorably unrealized, wooden accompaniment. Mr. Gamba is still very young; happily, for he has a long way to go. Steven Bergmann, playing on the same night that the orchestra had given a wonderful account of Bartók's Concerto for Orchestra and was clearly on its best form, hit a bad patch. He attacked the Brahms D minor Concerto as if he was at war with Brahms, the orchestra and anyone who cared to be taken on. This is a very dangerous attitude to take up when the Hallé players are in masterful mood. He lost a most ragged and rowdy battle for the body of Brahms' work. There was no sign of its soul. Yet the same pianist had, with the help of the strings, given earlier a most charming account of the Bach F minor Concerto in which there had been no hint of his monumental waywardness with bigger, if less difficult, music.

For the rest, sick leave kept me from a number of concerts, in particular the visits of Rudolf Kempe (Beethoven 7th, Bartók *Miraculous Mandarin* and the Couperin-Cortot Concerto) and Artur Rubinstein (Brahms B flat Concerto). These were distinguished occasions and it is particularly sad to be told that the Kempe concerts were poorly attended. This is significant in that his programme included two items of the very few unusual works played this year and a Beethoven symphony which is normally good box office.

The performances I have mentioned established the simple and important fact that the Hallé Society has an orchestra which *can* play to standards not lower than those of any orchestra in the world and that the choir is now approaching the standard of our great Northern tradition of choral singing. If this position is to be made firm and held for the future some kind of positive steps must soon be taken.

During recent years, Barbirolli has devoted himself to a study of the *St. Matthew Passion* in the knowledge that its first-ever performance in his hands could be an artistic success as far as the powers of his performers were concerned. Date and place were announced and one saw in this undertaking a new spirit abroad: the challenge of a massive and glorious work being met for the first time by a conductor at the top of his mature bent. Time and care was to be, necessarily, lavished on its preparation. The performance did not take place. Out of the fog of explanatory comment one fact emerges: the Hallé Society could not afford to put the work on. But, in spirit, a positive step *has* been taken, and the Society intends to put *St. Matthew* on in the coming season. Perhaps this is the way the Hallé must go if Manchester is to have great music in the future: *i.e.* each year to plan at least one real and exceptional artistic undertaking. For one occasion per year to find soloists and rehearsal time, to let the box office look after itself, and to spread the financial load by saving on routine concerts. I am told that the Arts Council was prepared to help with the *St. Matthew Passion* as a special project. I am also told that the pattern of Manchester concert-going is for audiences to be attracted by the *programmes*, not by the artists. When Rudolf Kempe, for example, revisited Manchester this year, his presence did not attract as many people as his inclusion of two first performances of unfamiliar works appeared to have kept away! Continue then, to give audiences much of what one knows they want, save some money thus on rehearsal time, and on visiting artists, and arrange annually at least one planned programme worthy of the work put in by players and conductor and demonstrably worthy of maximum financial help from the Arts Council and from anyone else, if such there be, who can see the dilemma and the prospect ahead for the City of Manchester and its music. If such there be.

J. B.

Glyndebourne

I Puritani, 1st June

c. Bryan Balkwill

BELLINI's *I Puritani*, revived at Glyndebourne for the first time for many years on an English stage, has nevertheless been available on gramophone records since 1953. It is the absence of a certain style of singer that has been mainly responsible for its desuetude, but also, as is well known, this type of opera has returned to favour in recent years, after a period in which it was quite as scandalous to decent taste as late romantic music is at the moment. It is also interesting to note that the pioneers of the Bellini revival were a group of critics who have now assumed the honourable and traditional role of Aunt Sally, scape-goat, and whipping boy reserved for all critics of a preceding generation by their pushing successors; Cecil Gray, Constant Lambert, Peter Warlock. One present day critic is young enough to be able to feel justifiably gratified by this vindication of music he has always defended; Desmond Shawe-Taylor. It is impossible not to feel a certain sense of artificiality in any performance at Glyndebourne; the very perfection of the total conception of opera under these conditions justifies, for once, the over-worked colloquialism "out of this world". Here is the apogee of the concept of art as refinement, as an enhancement of civilized life, as a thing to give pleasure; and, by a unique stroke of luck the setting of this opera house is sufficiently impressive in its natural grandeur to stifle at once any remarks about esoteric cults in back streets that are aimed at Theatre Workshop, for instance. A town mansion in Mayfair, or a culty theatre in Paris would bring down the embattled low-brows on its head; but the slow gathering of the dusk in the utter stillness of the enfolding hills, the remoteness of the place (on one's first visit one is not prepared for that long drive down a country lane with the tree-tops meeting above) all these things give the place an air of rootedness in natural things, a sense of the eternal verities, that can be matched by great music alone, and before which uninformed criticism stands a petty urchin with a silly grin. Not even the wine list and the dress suits can quite detract from this sense of rightness. Yet the thought insists, that this should be a standard, and a true civilization would see opera houses (and concert halls) like this dotted over the country-side, with the same care for setting, perfection of performance, taste; with all England's teeming millions, is this expensive, exclusive, tiny cult all that we can do? Hard by stands the village of Hassocks, raped, mutilated, and left for dead, an obscene and pustulent pullulation of identical square boxes, mile after ribbon mile of them, transient containers for the Idiot's Lantern, an eerie green-eyed city of the dead after eight o'clock; only the hills watch silent, as they watch also over Bramber, Amberley, Storrington, all waiting the time of their immolation, their triumphant union with the universal succubus, the bitch-goddess of mindless destruction, who waits also for Glyndebourne. . . .

But, while we may, let us take our places in the little theatre, before that incredibly tiny stage, among that incredibly good-mannered audience, and wait the rising of the curtain on another world of inspired, enchanted artificiality. Not so long ago this also was doomed, and none could see its resurrection; and indeed, the operas of Bellini depend more than most upon our entry into their own world, on their own terms, and our leaving on the threshold all critical apparatus except that strictly relevant. They were created out of melody for a race of fantastic and fastidious singers we thought had passed; and the prevalent impression left by *I Puritani* is of melody, a unique melody, so different from the glorious tunes of Verdi that the two men seem of a different species. Here is no tune that instantly enters and haunts the mind, but a ceaseless flow of falling cadences, melancholy even in joy, belonging to a subterranean, pearly, translucent, almost liquid world; the actors on the stage are embodied emotions, whose task it is to convey themselves in melody alone, and allow nothing to obscure for an instant the plangent flow of their oddly innocent outcry. The story would seem to be there for no reason than to provide the essential emotions, to give a sense of legendary happenings, whose very remoteness is an

essential factor in the effect of the cloud passage of infinitely distant and melancholy things, things whose remoteness alone renders them not only bearable, but rectifiable, into the solace of art. Which is, perhaps, as well; for the story is tenuous and improbable in the extreme; it holds the sympathetic attention by a thread until the very end, when a series of perfunctory gestures, musical and dramatic, precipitate the listener into the world of reality with brutal abruptness, and even a hint of unintentional farce. The Cromwellian victory and clemency that unite the Puritan girl and her captive Cavalier occur in a clatter of chords and a waving of a paper, all over in a few seconds, and fearfully reminiscent, as the old Puritan advances on the audience flapping the despatch, of another old ass and another piece of paper.

But this *dénouement* is the only point at which the opera strains its own conventions; within these limits is a singular and a perfect work of art. It is very well, indeed outstandingly, realized in this production. The one jarring note occurs at once, on the instant the curtain rises; the scenery for the first act is most unfitting, and indeed a little ridiculous. Inspired by Bratby at his worst, a muddy coloured erection of ruin dominates and fills the entire stage, getting in the singers' way and appalling the eye. These Puritans inhabit a fort that fell in ruin millenia before they came to inhabit it, a fantastic spider's-web of weeping crumbling substance too tenuous and spidery to be masonry. After a while this dream-like fabric begins to convince, notably because the massive erection in the centre of the stage disappears after the first act, giving place to more moderately proportioned props. The ranks of Puritans in the chorus, with tall hat and wide dim breast-plate, enhance with their sombre colouring the effect of the dim and sombre lighting and this aspect is most fitting.

But it is the singing that provides the most notable justification for the revival of the opera; it is more than adequately sung, and that is a remarkable thing indeed. Of the three or four principals, the tenor Nicola Filacuridi and the baritone Ernest Blanc are outstanding on the male side. Blanc is rather inclined to stand well to the front of the stage, looking statuesque and rather pleased with himself, and to rely on the effect of his glamorous voice pealing out over the audience's heads; and as Sir Richard Forth (Riccardo) he has plenty of opportunity to do so. As Lord Arthur Talbot (Arturo) Filacuridi has a less imposing appearance, but an even better, and more flexible voice. His is a very lovely lyric tenor of silvery quality, and it is used in Bellini's florid and difficult music with remarkable assurance and accuracy. These two dominate the male side, the other baritones (this opera is rather heavily weighted on the bass clef side) having small but flexible voices—rather noticeably small at times, and in ensembles Blanc and Filacuridi obviously take pains not to overwhelm them. Monica Sinclair (looking very lovely) makes a brief appearance in the small but important part of Queen Henrietta, and fills the part vocally very well.

But the moment Joan Sutherland appears and begins to sing, the whole *raison d'être* of the opera and the production becomes apparent. It has been noted that this opera has been available for some years on gramophone records, with the part of Elvira sung by Maria Callas; there is no doubt in my mind that not only does Joan Sutherland approximate far more closely the kind of voice Bellini had in mind, but that hers is the better voice and the more assured technique. This is something like a sensational, not to say a rash statement; but this girl has a voice whose golden quality, limpid agility, unfailing beauty of tone in any register, and technical accomplishment have not been heard at least since Toti dal Monte. She is of the kind who go on learning, and one has only to see her on the stage to realize her total dedication to her art; I am confident then, that she will soon be, if she is not now, the greatest singer alive. Indeed, this is a kind of singing I expected to hear only from very old gramophone records, and never from a living singer. Perhaps some of her florid passages lacked the definition of every single note one hears from discs made by singers forty and more years ago, but this is a niggling criticism; the sheer perfection of her intonation in such passages is a joy. Her stage presence dominates. She is a fine actress, not of the intense, dramatic, fiery Callas quality, but in this opera at least, she achieves a curiously convincing other-worldly remoteness, touched with an April

pathos, that is perfectly in accord with the spirit of the work, in a way that Callas' dynamic personality would not be. And this is a rare feat; for, if one may say so without being ungallant, she achieved this and contrived at moments to look radiantly beautiful, with more assistance from the spirit than from nature.

What, today, is the correct stance with regard to Bellini's orchestral writing? How often have we heard the old gibes about sketchy perfunctory accompaniments? And how the whirligig of time brings in its revenge! It is difficult to write like that today and still to regard as holy writ symphonic textures, not accompaniments, that spell themselves out note by note like the incantations of a portentous and incoherent wizard, or a nervous chemist counting the drops; never was an art that kept one waiting such an unconscionable time for the next tenuous sound as this three times holy, beyond criticism, double sealed and guaranteed by bogus science and first form mathematics, post-Webern, Priest of Numi, hocus-pocus silly nonsense! The sounds made by Bellini's orchestra are entirely beautiful and quite appropriate to his melody-propelled music; at least one may say that his textures are predominantly linear, if completely innocent of counterpoint! Indeed, his orchestration is peculiarly individual, and with its predominance of melting woodwind voices, winding their way with little lost cries through the texture, always, it would appear, dropping to a pathetic cadence, rising out of it, and descending again, with wisps of other sounds drifting around like mist, he achieves a sound that is instantly recognizable, considerably original, and signally beautiful. Those words will serve to describe Bellini's opera, *I Puritani*, in its entirety as a work of art; and, all in all, this realization of it is appropriate, accomplished, and beautiful too; Bellini stands, in the end, above fashion, with a tenuous but extraordinarily tenacious genius. P. J. P.

Falstaff, 15th June; *Rosenhavalier*, 16th

FOR many years, perhaps even since 1934, Mr. John Christie has repeatedly pointed out that Glyndebourne is an ideal. So it is. And as one who has paid close attention to every Glyndebourne season since 1936, I would add that this unique Opera in Sussex has proved over the years to be a thoroughly *practical* ideal. Opera is one of the most complex of human creations; genius must be present at its inception and should be present at its stage re-creations. The composer and librettist have to ensure the former, while Glyndebourne, alone of English managements and with very few peers elsewhere, always strives magnificently to provide conditions conducive to the working of genius in its midst and therefore, quite frequently, genius leaves its mark on Glyndebourne productions.

In case all this smacks too much of the obvious, it may be added in mitigation that opera houses do not generally provide conditions conducive to the working of genius, and this one factor alone could be held to justify my choice of the often overworked epithet "unique" as part of my opening gambit.

Among this nation of shop-keepers opera is regarded by some as an expensive, exotic flowering of irrational whimsy, devoid of sterling worth and to be justified as far as possible by putting pretentious rubbish in the window and simultaneously cheese-paring on essentials. The result must inevitably be *Kitsch*—something which Professor Ebert described in the thirties as the abomination of desolation, an abortion of which Glyndebourne has steered clear from the beginning.

As I wrote last year (MR, XX/304), Glyndebourne has always tried to put first things first. In opera this means quite simply the music, together with the fundamental dramatic impact inherent in the score. This is not just verbiage. In no two operas is the fundamental dramatic impact identical; think, for example, of *Così fan tutte*, *Parsifal*, *Freischütz* and *Arlecchino* as a possible four points of the dramatic compass; but in each case the dramatic—including the theatrical—impact of the work, seen and interpreted as a whole, contributes more to the ultimate success of a given production than is usually conceded.

The *Falstaff* of 1958 comes to mind in this respect. At that time (MR, XIX/230) I wrote:—

The weaknesses of last year's [1957] cast, principally Ford, have been strengthened, the ensemble in Ford's garden has been tightened, the string-playing has shown a much-needed improvement

and the split-second timing of the horse-play at the end of the first scene was, on 20th June, a miracle which had to be seen to be believed.

Now, at a distance of two years, this still seems to me to be fair comment and by no means extravagant praise for what has remained one of my greatest theatrical experiences. Unfortunately this year Ford has again been weakened, the ensemble in his garden loosened and the timing of the horse-play was by no means split-second. Or, to put it in another way, the production has "boiled over". The trouble with Ford was that Sesto Bruscantini lacks the necessary vocal power, as did his counterpart in 1957, and also he obviously regarded the character as something of a joke. Ford is funny, but must not think he is. This was, perhaps, a change of emphasis resulting from a change of cast; as such it might have contributed to the pot coming off the boil rather than boiling over and is parenthetical to the current argument. The slight falling off in ensemble and timing, however, could indicate the onset of staleness (as in *Idomeneo* last year), and despite the magnificent extravagance of Geraint Evans in the title part and Vittorio Gui's lively interpretation of the score, *Falstaff* would probably now benefit from a few years' rest.

If, therefore, *Falstaff* was something of a disappointment compared with 1958, *Rosenhavalier*, on the other hand, offered an almost unbelievable improvement on 1959. As is usual with every performance destined to scale the heights, this one, too, got off to an ordinary, not to say indifferent start. The opening pages were tentative, with conductor, singers and orchestra groping for the essence of Strauss' imagination which seemed to be eluding them. I have heard so many performances of *Rosenhavalier* in which the composer's imagination has eluded the executants from first page to last that I was just beginning to dread the protracted boredom which I feared lay ahead. The opera is a strange mixture of subtleties, mostly musical, and ineptitudes, mostly dramatic—think, for example, of the unbelievably clumsily contrived arrival of the Marschallin at the pub in the last act—and it can so easily misfire or go off "at half-cock" on account of the many impurities which lower the flashpoint of the whole. More than most operas *Rosenhavalier* imperatively demands a firm hand and a lively mind in the pit. Leopold Ludwig again provided both and, seemingly, achieved a finer blend of sound than last year; though this may have been due in part to structural alterations beneath the stage. Among the principals Regina Sarfaty was the only newcomer. Her interpretation of Octavian was close enough to Elisabeth Söderström's to prove the maintenance of complete precision in Ebert's production despite the Professor's absence this year, and her voice coalesced with Régine Crespin's and Anneliese Rothenberger's as if all three had been members of the original cast. Czerwenka had filed some of the roughest edges off his Ochs with great advantage to the overall impression, Régine Crespin repeated and if possible even intensified her portrayal of the Marschallin and Glyndebourne again vindicated itself as one of the supreme wonders of our time.

G. N. S.

Book Reviews

Famous Puccini Operas. By Spike Hughes. Pp. 271. (Robert Hale.) 1959. 35s.

The Puccini centenary was marked in this country by the appearance both of Dr. Carner's authoritative study and of a slighter but useful paper-back by Mr. Edward Greenfield.* This new tribute was completed in the centenary year, but reached publication too late to profit from it; and Mr. Hughes is too much of an individualist to attempt to profit from the findings of his rivals in the field. His book is called "an analytical guide", but the student of musical design will learn more of Puccini's bracing of the large span from the specialized chapters of the earlier books; here the details are too casually dropped into the essential record—of the plots. These are told with clarity and verve,

* See MR, XX, p. 334 and XXI, p. 30 [Ed.].

and amplified not only by a most liberal use of musical examples, but also by precise reference to standard recordings. Indeed, the gramophone listener is the ideal reader of this book, able to test against his own accumulating experience the host of perceptive and provocative opinions which leaven its pages.

The author is not deterred by modesty from suggesting (obliquely, it is true) that he could have improved on Alfano's work in the scoring of the *Turandot* completion. In fact, this is very likely, for one of the most valuable features of the book is its commentary on Puccini's original orchestral effects, usefully tabulated in a separate index. It is a pity that these comments tend to become repetitive, and the scores' "characteristic" qualities are noted *ad nauseam*, varied on one notable occasion by

"a wonderfully effective moment . . . which is particularly a typical instance of the peculiar orchestral language of *Tosca*".

It may be seen that Mr. Hughes' prose style is sometimes held on a loose rein. His wit too can relax into an unfortunate facetiousness, elaborate (like the note on the irreconcilability of Parisian motor horns in the score and "The Present" in the programme note) or petulant (like the sneer against "'Fine Choral Writing' in the English oratorio tradition"). Petulance takes on an almost morbid appearance in the repeated tilts against those who find Puccini's music "cheap" and "empty". The epithets happen to be Mr. Britten's (*Opera*, Vol. 1, no. 3); though unacknowledged here, their association with "young composers" on the last page leaves an unpleasant taste. Surely Puccini's reputation is secure enough to need no such acrimonious defence?

Foundations and Principles of Music Education. By Charles Leonhard and Robert House. Pp. vi + 375. (McGraw-Hill.) 1959. 46s. 6d.

In a UNESCO survey of musical education (1955) it was claimed that America had demonstrated during the past few decades a development "that grew in geometrical progression, with the result that performance, education and finally composition have reached a level that must be experienced to be believed". Yet if our experience is at second-hand, we can still find this development both credible and enviable. The gramophone has acquainted us with the characteristic finish of the American executant; by now too it can be seen that the American composer may add a strikingly individual contribution to his well-trained emulation of the dominating European figures. Even so, it is in the remaining category that the American advance has been most marked: since the turn of the century, school music has been transformed into a highly organized activity, both in the classroom and in choral and instrumental enterprise. From this level numerous students pass on to the university departments and the advanced schools of music; the lists of doctoral dissertations and of internationally-known artists make equally impressive reading.

Now that we are beginning to take stock of our own methods of musical education, we are bound to consider what we may learn from America. It is unfortunate that the present book, apparently precisely suited to this purpose, is couched in terms that will test the patience of most English readers. This is not because of its insistence on sound principles of educational philosophy and psychology, but because of its remarkably wordy exposition of essentially simple points. Having decided that "objective evaluation of the products of music education indicates that the programme has many shortcomings", the authors set about remedying it. Their first chapter recommends that music educators shall have a clear idea of their aims, shall be "objective-oriented". Each type of objective—"broad social, concrete social, programme and instructional"—is examined in detail, with a degree of tautology that is almost admirable.

"Pupil objectives are usually the immediate things the pupil wants to accomplish."

From this preliminary consideration of objectives, we pass to principles—no bald recital of some feasible ones, but a discussion of them in the abstract, at various levels. Though

principles require such cautious formulation, the authors do not hesitate to offer debatable premisses without substantiation:

"Since it is a fact that all human beings are inherently responsive to music . . .".

A straightforward historical survey of musical education leads to a chapter on philosophical foundations, approached in the now-familiar laboriously circumspect manner; the views of Susanne Langer and John Dewey are presented so uncritically that it becomes difficult to distinguish the author's own. Yet when we arrive at the intensely pertinent question of making value judgments, the discussion lapses into the naïve and the rule-of-thumb:

"The more subtle and the more abstract the musical expression, the greater the piece of music. Thus 'Smoke gets in your eyes' is a better piece of music than 'Dark Town Strutters Ball'. . . 'Ich liebe dich' is better than 'I love you truly' but both are good music while the 'Liebestod' is great music".

This neat categorizing destroys what faith we might have had in the formidable theoretical apparatus of definitions and tabulations elsewhere. It is also difficult to equate with the claim on the next page that if music "is expressive and has deep emotional import in its own right, it is great music". The final statement of fifteen philosophical tenets is repetitive, and at times contradictory.

By now the reader may have some idea of the wealth of verbiage he will be required to penetrate in order to get to the few points of the following chapter, on musical learning, with a typical compromise between field theories and association theories. Objectives now return for fuller treatment, and we learn eight "principles of objectives". With the next chapter we at last come within sight of the "music education programme", and are offered some practical enough solutions to hypothetical cases; this is the first section that the practising teacher would be likely to consult, and it is followed by a good outline of some actual teaching methods. The final three chapters move to a higher administrative level, but the average English teacher is only too likely to be his own hard-worked departmental administrator, and possibly his own "supervisor" (to which our "organizer" is the nearest equivalent). From the last chapter, on evaluation, the closing paragraph gives some idea how well the authors sustain their form:

"Since the present status of evaluative techniques makes it impossible to evaluate accurately many of the results of the music education program, evaluation of the program itself is essential as a supplement to the evaluation of students. This is accomplished by the co-operative formulation of criteria for evaluation pertaining to all facets of the program and the application of the criteria to the program".

After which you may teach your first unison song.

P. A. E.

Instrumental Music. David G. Hughes (Ed.). (Harvard University Press. London: O.U.P.) 1958. 34s.

This book is a collection of four papers delivered at a one-day conference at Isham Memorial Library. The occasion was a meeting of musicologists and Curt Sachs, in a "Coda", testifies to its excellence, comparing it favourably with other musicological gatherings he has attended.

The overall subject of the papers was instrumental music. Otto Kinkeldey dealt with "Fifteenth Century Dance Tunes", H. C. Robbins Landon with "Problems of Authenticity in Eighteenth Century Music", Eric Werner with "Instrumental Music outside the pale of Classicism and Romanticism", and Walter Piston with "Problems of Intonation in the Performance of Contemporary Music". These specialist topics are treated in a stimulating and scholarly way, and it is most useful to have the results of the conference available in a single volume. The texts are printed much as originally delivered; but the discussions following the lectures are presented in a modified form, in order to give greater coherence and formality to the whole.

Otto Kinkeldey's treatment of early dance music is supplemented by a collection of transcripts which account for a third of the book. It is impossible to summarize this

paper adequately since it collates a great deal of material—some of it source *data* and some of it both speculative and highly technical. The technical part goes into the problems of notation, mensuration, clefs and key-signatures, accidentals and modern restorations. The overall impression is of highly-specialized erudite research, inevitably appealing more to the dance specialist than to the general reader, yet interesting enough to provoke further reading in this field.

Robbins Landon brings us nearer home in his paper on the eighteenth century. Inevitably, the author begins with Haydn. He recounts how J. P. Larsen, E. F. Schmid and he met in 1951 "to determine the authenticity and the chronological order of some hundred divertimenti for chamber orchestra by Haydn". Something of the result of this investigation is indicated in this paper which, in unravelling the problems arising from similarities and differences in handwriting, style, source of origin, *etc.* leads into the most fascinating, even exciting regions. Mr. Landon has succeeded, for instance, in showing how a little A major symphony formerly thought to be Haydn's, is in fact by one Carlos d'Ordoñez, and that Ordoñez, "one of the most original and talented composers of his day", produced a great deal of music worth our consideration. The author has so far located some sixty symphonies, thirty string quartets, twenty string trios and an opera or two, a violin concerto, and so on. A further specific instance dealt with in detail is the disputed *Missä Brevis* in F which cannot yet be decisively attributed to Reutter, Arbesser, or the young Haydn. This full and informative paper is illustrated with music quotations, and is enough to start any earnest student (sufficiently equipped with wealth and leisure) off on a tour of detection around the European libraries.

Eric Werner deals with a problem which every pianist who (tiring of a staple diet of Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven) explores the lesser-known pages of Clementi, Hummel, Dussek and others has probably already solved for himself. It is a matter of classification. In the popular view, Mozart is classical and Chopin is romantic. But how can this neat dichotomy be sustained in the often delightful sonatas of Dussek and Clementi, and in the varied compositions of Cherubini, Gossec, Viotti and others? The plain historical answer is that it cannot.

The author suggests a "geo-musical approach"—finding it convenient to distinguish a Vienna school (Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert) and a Berlin-Leipzig-Paris axis (Hoffmann, Weber, Chopin, Berlioz, Schumann). It is then pointed out that Paris and London attracted and absorbed most of the following: Abbé Vogler, Gossec, Clementi, Pleyel, Dussek, Cherubini, Méhul, J. B. Cramer, Viotti, Hummel, L. Berger, Moscheles, Reicha and Mendelssohn. A further important point is that most of these composers were specialist pianoforte (as distinct from clavier) composers, that most of them failed to achieve more than an ephemeral success, and that only those who renounced the contemporary taste for refined salon music—Cherubini for instance—survived. As might be expected, the discussion could not free itself from the cloying attractions of the classical/romantic issue; but one worthwhile and commonsense conclusion emerged, already familiar to musicologists but not yet acceptable to performers and the listening public. Briefly, there is everything to gain by refusing to harp endlessly on the same great names. Musicology opens the door. It is up to the practical musician and the teacher (whose ignorance of musical history is often abysmal) to see what is on the other side.

Walter Piston's paper on Intonation treats of a subject which no student of contemporary music can ignore. The author describes an experiment

"in which a double-bass player was asked to hold an A-flat while the remaining notes of the dominant seventh of the key of E-flat major were played above on the piano. Then, while he held the tone, the notes E-natural, B-natural, and D were substituted above, showing his note to be now G-sharp, leading tone of A-major. He was clearly seen, as well as heard, to move to an appreciably higher pitch, but he emphatically denied that it was anything more than a correction of the A-flat, which he felt was out of tune. This experiment was all the more remarkable in that the piano itself was not well tuned".

The implications of this experiment are profound, and the more obvious ones do not need to be discussed here. But the relation between equal temperament and the theory

and practice of serial music certainly invites serious consideration. If, to a sensitive musician, there is a real difference between G sharp and A flat, a pitch-difference bound up with dynamic function in a context, how exactly is G sharp—enharmonic A flat to be regarded in a serial string quartet? Will tonal sensitivity, engendered by long familiarity with the classics, bedevil a "true" reading of the music? Will a string player be unconsciously drawn towards a tonal inflection of that G sharp according to its traditional associations? Is it, asks the author, "possible or desirable to learn to play in equal temperament?" "We know when music is in tune but we do not know what this is that we know."

Actually, it is well that musicians should ponder questions of this kind. By doing so they bring the whole art of music into line with other subjects with which the greatest philosophical minds have been concerned since man began to think. Every fundamental question, arising from some traditional human activity firmly grounded in what seem like solid facts supplied by the senses, tends to modify one's attitude about the solidity and reliability of those same facts. As a general principle, every worthwhile activity, once we begin to study its material foundations, shades off into a region where all dogmatic assertions are suspect and all conclusions are tentative. Behind the material approach to the whole question of intonation—*i.e.* the approach in terms of heard sounds—there is a mental question which musical theorists tend, on the whole, to avoid, and which, with a few exceptions, they have avoided since the Middle Ages. We may well have to face it again, though now, after an orgy of logical analysis, it is not even easy to find the right words for the question. A formidable logician, virtually dedicated to the destruction of metaphysics, once told me that he found it very difficult to arrive at an aesthetic of music which did not seem to imply an idealist theory of knowledge. What relation is there, for instance, between the abstract idea of a fifth which we all seem to have, and an actual sounding fifth produced on an equally tempered pianoforte, a monochord divided according to the principles of Pythagoras, and a badly-tuned violin (open strings)? A considerable factor behind our acceptance of such variations is that we accept what tends to be musically intelligible. In these days of Hi-Fi and stereo and whatnot, I am all the time having to deal with students whose apparatus for playing gramophone records is vastly superior to my own. They seem to be developing a tonal discrimination which is the disc-jockey's equivalent of that of a sensitive cellist. But I observe that many of my musical friends remain unmoved by flaws which the lay listener cannot tolerate. This is surely because the actual sounds are, to them, symbols of the musical reality, not the music itself, which, although requiring material (tonal) sounds as a means to its recognition, then withdraws the musical mind into an inward, contemplative sphere. The more inward our musical enjoyment, the greater our pitch tolerance.

This is one trend of thought stimulated by Walter Piston's thought-provoking article, and the reader who wishes to pursue it further is recommended to study what he has to say.

P. T. B.

An Index of Wind-Instrument Makers. By Lyndesay G. Langwill. Pp. 139. (Langwill, Edinburgh.) 1960. 35s.

The performance of instrumental music by individuals and groups has always had its niche in the social history of mankind, and if in earlier times wind music, other than that of the gentle-voiced recorders, was relegated to the open air it was surely because the instruments of those days were so imperfect. The stringed instruments generally and the violin in particular had reached finality by the middle of the sixteenth century, whereas the only wind instrument to have attained a comparable degree of perfection was the sackbut, the scope of which, however, was limited. Keyboard instruments, too, were already serviceable, though they still had far to go.

Early woodwind was harsh in tone and unreliable in intonation, while the brass was strictly for outdoor use: the trumpets for military and ceremonial purposes and the

horns, such as they then were, exclusively for the hunt. No real advance was made until shortly before 1700, but from then on improvement was continuous right up to the third quarter of last century. By then woodwind and brass alike had become well nigh perfect: elaborate and efficient keywork had increased the scope of the woodwind out of all recognition, while the invention of valves had at last freed the horns and trumpets from the thralldom of a single harmonic series, and given rise to whole new families of brass instruments.

Stringed and keyboard instruments have found historians in plenty, but wind instruments have been sadly neglected, and even more so their makers. Yet for two hundred and fifty years wind instruments have been progressively taking a more and more preponderant place in the musical side of social history. It is high time, therefore, that these makers, many of them brilliant craftsmen, were rescued from oblivion, and that the fruits of recent research into their activities were made available in a readily accessible form.

In compiling his Index of well over 3,000 names Mr. Langwill has therefore rendered a signal service not only to curators and private collectors everywhere, but also to players and students anxious to extend their knowledge of the successive stages through which their instrument has passed. Indeed all who are interested in the history of instrumentation, or in the evolution of the wind band, will find this book a mine of specialized information that is obtainable nowhere else, for no list of so comprehensive a nature has hitherto appeared in print. Many of the makers here listed are known only by a single specimen of their handiwork, but in a very large number of cases biographical notes accompany the maker's name together with his address or addresses, any patents he may have taken out, and where surviving specimens of his instruments are now housed.

Apart from personal research in several languages and the maintenance of a very comprehensive and up-to-date card index, the preparation of a work such as this implies considerable dependence on the courtesy of British and foreign museum curators, and on the zeal of private collectors in keeping the compiler advised of any unusual acquisitions or discoveries. It says much for the esteem in which Mr. Langwill is held by musicologists that he has been so well served by correspondents far and wide, for without such help it would be quite impossible to produce a list of this calibre.

It will, of course, be realized that it is only by degrees that names accumulate in the card index. During the last few years quite a number of makers of the past have come to light, and there is every reason to suppose that the process will continue. In Central Europe there are still many small makers, working in their own workshops with perhaps only two or three assistants, whose names are virtually unknown outside their own localities and whom, for obvious reasons, it is at present impossible to track down. No doubt Russia can boast of many excellent makers, but no information about them is available. Mr. Langwill wisely invites corrections and additions to his Index, with a view, we hope, to the publication in due course of a supplementary volume.

The Index is completed by a valuable and extensive bibliography, and a list of collections large and small. This book will be found invaluable by all who are in any way concerned with old wind instruments.

R. M. P.

Preservation and Storage of Sound Recordings. By A. G. Pickett and M. M. Lemcoe.
Pp. vii + 74. (Library of Congress.) 1959.

The comparison that springs to mind is with H. J. Plenderleith's work on the preservation of leather bookbindings, for the British Museum; but that epoch making little pamphlet was a much smaller and less elaborate affair than this. The Library of Congress is becoming more and more associated with the recording of sound, whether they are

letting the husky drawl of Jelly Roll Morton loose on a tape recorder, or devoting their august premises to the recording of the complete Beethoven quartets, in the most successful extant version (Budapest, Philips). The present large pamphlet covers the field with great scientific detail, and a plethora of graphs and diagrams. The chapters run:

- (1) Introduction.
- (2) Factors relating to the degradation of sound recording materials.
- (3) The study of phonograph discs.
- (4) The study of magnetic tape.
- (5) Recommendations for future work.

There is a large bibliography, and an appendix of descriptions and circuits of the electronic apparatus used. There are many problems connected with the preservation of records; the present writer has only met (so far) those connected with discs, two of the most important of which are warp and bubble. Warp afflicts all discs stored in heat or without attention to fairly exacting conditions; pile storing discs results in "saucering", owing to the fact that the minute thickness of the label reaches quite respectable dimensions by multiplication, so that the edges of the discs droop round this thickness, with an effect that is expressively described by the term used. One of the things that amazes me is the great number of review copies that suffer, and suffer badly, from this; how do manufacturers stack their discs? But most forms of warp are curable in shellac discs, given skill, knowledge, and patience. I have seen shellac records doubled in half by heat when the owner's house caught fire restored to playing condition by great skill. (The process is gently to heat until the disc becomes malleable, and then to manipulate without touching the grooves.) But bubble is incurable, an infernal nuisance, and still inflicts microgroove records occasionally. Anyone with a large collection of historic 78s has his heartbreaking experiences; there is nothing whatsoever to be done about it, and it comes of using damp "fillers" in the manufacture. At one time a very famous company had most of their output returned to them, month after month, because within days all the discs were afflicted with "chickenpox" as we used to call it. I have also met fungus, but until I read this excellent treatise I had no idea how dangerous it was; my practice has been simply to clean it off with one of the proprietary brands of liquid record cleaner. It attacks discs not used for a time, and stored in certain atmospheric conditions, and in any case my records were very lightly affected. Actual destruction by this is something few amateurs can have met, but bag-scutting (minute scratches and groove-flattening due to the pressure of a coarse record envelope under unfavourable conditions) is something frequently met—particularly in discs bought in provincial shops. Storage is one of the most important items, from the point of view of the average collector, and how often have we seen, in the past, a stack of valuable discs—their possessor having no idea how valuable—lying in a loose pile, without envelopes, on an uneven surface! (Microgrooves have done away with this sort of thing, very largely.)

The correct way to stack records is on edge, on shelves, with frequent partitions; the present book recommending no more than twenty discs to a compartment. (Most record shops make it forty, but their discs are constantly changing.) They should also be moderately tight. And so one could go on; this is a fascinating book, covering also tape and acetate discs, and dealing with stress, bag materials, climatic conditions, and every branch and detail of the preservation of precious recorded material, with scientific thoroughness. An example of this thoroughness is the discussion of the binding agent in the coating of magnetic tape; a number of almost mutually contradictory functions have to be performed by this agent, and its bearing on tape-life is important.

"Ah! The ritual", says a friend of mine whenever he sees me preparing to play a record; and I am somewhat of a casual, no nonsense, don't fuss record player. So a final word of warning might be in place. A professional psychologist, writing in a record

magazine, claims that Hi-Fi addiction is riddled with sexual symbolism. He cites the people (very well known to me) who will not buy a record unless it is guaranteed unplayed and virgin, wrapped in an inner polythene covering, followed by the sleeve, then an outer polythene covering (quadruple thickness), and finally sealed. They take the disc home, and, at dead of night, solemnly unseal it, and strip off its coverings one by one.

P. J. P.

Reviews of Music

Gottfried von Einem. *Ballade*. ("Study Score" no. 85. Schirmer: Chappell.) 25s.

Gottfried von Einem's *Ballade* is dedicated to George Szell and the Cleveland Orchestra, who gave the work its first performance in March, 1958. It lasts for some fourteen minutes and requires a normal orchestra without harp or any percussion beyond timpani.

The work throughout is in a G minor that provides an area of relaxation but is expansive, and expanded, enough to allow passages of considerable tension; about two-thirds of its time are spent on an *allegro moderato* which, for the last section, triples its speed; the final fifty-five bars are marked *stretto* and rise to a violent, snapped-off ending of unison Gs. It would make a great effect at the end of any concert, for it is music of big gestures effectively written in a hard, unyielding style, concerned with powerful rhythms rather than memorable melodic or thematic lines.

In other words, it is *Kapellmeistermusik*, for if the term once meant socially well-behaved, unobjectionable music serving its purpose in high society, it now means a vigorous, somewhat sensational type of work written to excite large audiences. We should probably enjoy hearing it once or twice, and its hardness of texture seems to create orchestral problems that would make it interesting to the players as well as extremely tricky woodwind parts (bassoonists especially are treated as virtuosos) calling for great discipline in timing. But there seems to be comparatively little melodic or harmonic substance behind the grand gestures; its manner and its content do not weigh equally heavily.

Ernst von Dohnányi. *Variations and Fugue, op. 4*, for piano solo. Cadenzas (a) to piano Concerto in G, K.453, by Mozart; (b) to piano Concerto no. 4, by Beethoven. (Arcadia Publishing Company, London.)

The pianist who plays this music will make a great effect so long as he remembers that it is meant to be played with great *panache*. Although it presents no staggering difficulties, it sounds spectacular, is beautifully pianistic and involves just about every sort of pre-Bartókian pianism. The thirteen variations on a G major theme in triple time are nicely diversified in *tempo* and style, and the fugue, which straightens out the theme to four in a bar, gathers energy and force for a powerful ending.

This is work to be discussed primarily in terms of effectiveness. The theme, two eight-bar strains, each repeated, marked *Tempo di minuetto*, goes through the mediant to the dominant, and comes home to the tonic through the submediant. Each variation follows the same harmonic plan and is tailored into eight-bar lengths. Sometimes the first strain and at others the second is diversified rather than repeated; in variations 2, 4 and 8, both are. It is all rather old-fashioned in conception and treatment, but easy to listen to and, one feels, deliberately aimed at an audience which enjoys sensational piano playing.

The cadenzas are a different matter; neither succeeds in staying within the context of the permissible harmonic and pianistic effects laid down by the concerto it is meant to accompany, but each is forgivable as its composer's comment upon the work he is playing. That to the first movement of K.453 is concerned with the opening theme of the movement

and with flourishes around it, and eventually leads home to the *tutti* with a series of seventh chords (on D, E flat, D, A, D and F natural) under the culminating trill. The theme appears on various degrees of the scale, but most notably on the subdominant and submediant, glances at the tonic and slips into the flattened mediant (to take us to G minor). That to the second movement is equally far-flung and is also concerned with G major and excursions from it before it gets back to the (C major) tonic. The cadenzas to the first and third movements of the Beethoven Concerto are, naturally enough, more pyrotechnical; that to the first movement involves the theme and the second subject's main ideas in various keys which we do not anticipate from the movement itself and offers, like that for the third movement, profitable pianistic toil and sweat. The third movement cadenza is not specially interested in any of the thematic material of the movement except its first three notes.

Handel. *Serse*. Hallische Händel-Ausgabe, Serie II, Band 39, Edited by Rudolf Steglich. (Bärenreiter, Kassel.) Full Score, £2 2s. Vocal Score, £1 8s.

The Bärenreiter critical edition of Handel, which keeps its *apparatus criticus* out of the way in separate volumes, is paper-backed, beautifully printed and admirably practical. The main source for this edition of *Serse* is the autograph score in the British Museum, with which have been collated autograph sketches in the Fitzwilliam Museum and the Staats- und Universitätsbibliothek in Hamburg. Its advantages over the Händel-Gesellschaft Edition published by Chrysander in 1874 are (apart from its greater accessibility—many of Chrysander's volumes are hard to get hold of and London seems to contain only one copy of his *Serse* not in private hands) first, its deliberate practicality. The two parts for castrati are firmly labelled "Tenor, originally soprano"; the short choruses, each of which is repeated after a burst of recitative, are given only as violin, soprano and continuo when the repeat occurs in Chrysander. The Steglich edition reprints them in full; the figured bass is worked out, modestly but suggestively, for all the recitatives and for the handful of songs accompanied by continuo only; cadences are neatly decorated, and any keyboard player with a feeling for Handelian style will find enough hints to suggest a lively treatment of the chord chains that underlie the declamation. Alto clefs disappear, and the bass is kept, as far as possible, out of the tenor clef.

The second advantage is that a clear distinction is made throughout the score between the composer's own work and all editorial additions. Chrysander added dynamic markings and phrasings that are nowhere distinguishable from the composer's own. Much that he did was right and proper, carrying markings that Handel—not the most careful of workmen—omitted to supply after the first few bars throughout an aria, but his scores go beyond the addition of, for example, *staccato* and *legato* markings where Handel forgot them to others supplied because they seemed desirable to the editor; the same is true of dynamic markings. Steglich supplies an equal amount, but care is taken that his contributions shall not be accepted as the composer's own work. They are sensible, scholarly and unfussy.

The vocal score contains every note of the full score, rather to its detriment as a straightforward keyboard edition meant for accompaniment and rehearsal; it works out the figured bass to a greater extent than the full score, dealing neatly with passages in arias where the orchestra is momentarily silent. It does not discriminate like the full score between editorial amendments and the composer's own sometimes careless original. For instance, Arsamenes' aria "*Non so se sia la speme*" moves in print in regular quavers which, according to eighteenth-century practice, should be performed as dotted quavers and semi-quavers; this fact is noted over the staves of the full score but treated as a *fait accompli* in the vocal score.

One wonders, with so practical and effective an edition available, who is likely to make use of it. The hero needs a voice of tenor quality with a range of two octaves down from A in the treble clef; all the solo singing wants superbly smooth, virtuoso performance. But going through a score like this, with lively and original melody succeeding original

and lively melody, with a small orchestra treated with splendid variety and resource, with every note contributing its point to the whole work, one begins to long to hear what one reads.

H. R.

C. W. Orr. *Five Songs from A Shropshire Lad* (Tenor Voice) (O.U.P.) 6s. *Four Songs* (High Voice) (O.U.P.) 5s. 6d.

"Englishness" in music is a quality which it is all too easy to imitate, and even to parody. Far too readily, thanks to Vaughan Williams and others, the musically susceptible part of the English Landscape has tended to crystallize into standard patterns of tonal imagery. But this must not close our ears to their curious truth. Only last summer, passing through Shropshire and the Cotswolds, I marvelled again at the way first-hand experience of the English scene brings to life poetic and tonal imagery latent in the imagination. Silence hovers around those "blue, remembered hills", and ripples over the Cotswold grasses like the wash of infinity on the shores of the nameless sea—like the hum of organal consecutives in Vaughan Williams' *Pastoral* Symphony, and the gentle stresses of a muted bi-tonality expressed in blocks of simple sounds.

However, in talking to continental audiences about English music, one is up against the very ambiguity of such musical intuitions. Shimmering fifths, thanks especially to Beethoven and Bruckner, are virtually metaphysical symbols across the channel. Over here they are sound impressions of an indefinable national quality—terminals, almost, of a still active racial memory. True, the rolling English road is now contaminated with the driving English drunkard, and the northern moorlands, as a last service, are going to be the backcloth of our four minutes' warning; so the problem of putting English music across to those who have no experiences to correspond with our musical imagery is heightened. Nevertheless, for the native, with all his senses in tune, "Englishness" in music is a reality—a reality equally glimpsed in Paul Nash's pictures of crashed aircraft littering our cornfields in the summer of 1940. Those grey deaths were strangely dissolved in their golden context; their menace negated in an unquenchable promise of serenity.

These songs by Charles Wilfred Orr are evocative in the traditional way. And this is at once a favourable and unfavourable criticism. Once one has the knack of moving about in fifths, and in fifths thickened out with added notes, and in triads spiced with chromatic sounds, it is fatally easy to beckon effortlessly to the (English) listener through the casual handling of a few stock devices. In so far as the composer occasionally slips into "casual Englishness" it is in the Housman set, and notably in the song "Is my team ploughing" which has a somewhat facile, though mixed, pentatonic flavour.

But here again, to be rigorously just, we must note an important point. To an older generation than that of "the younger critics" this kind of musical imagery is not simply a gimmick. It is an adequate and often profoundly moving musical transmutation of real experience, the tonal enhancement of a remembered melancholy. If it is true that Housman harps overmuch on the dead lad asleep under the sod, and the sweetheart and the church tower back home, it remains for ever true that thousands of our fathers died in France. The musical projection of this phase of our national life is an integral feature in the recent history of our music. If we are impatient of it, we should at least remember the powerful ethos by which many poets and musicians were affected before we dismiss their work. And, as it happens, the *Five Songs* were composed between 1924 and 1927, and therefore do not affect emotions thirty years out of date. They are characteristic of their time.

The second group was composed more recently, one song in 1932, the others in 1954, 1955 and 1957. They have a more general appeal, and the melodic line is possibly more distinguished. The harmonic texture in the last three is more developed—more chromatic at any rate, and this may be an unconscious acknowledgment of developments in the international scene. The English flavour is still there, but now enwrapped in a more plastic, flowing mantle of sound.

The first song, *Bahnhofstrasse* (Joyce), has a rocking *ostinato* in the accompaniment which is worked out with great subtlety of inflection, and nowhere more impressively than

at the words: "Ah star of evil! star of pain!" The third ("A Time of Roses"—Hood) and last ("Since Thou, O Fondest and Truest"—R. Bridges) songs reveal the composer moving eloquently and freely within his chosen idiom.

The second song is a setting of the first, third and last two verses of the *Hymnus circa Exsequias Defuncti* by Prudentius, translated by Helen Waddell and included in her famous collection of Mediaeval Latin Lyrics. Sometimes it happens that a highly refined, imaginative mind which yet dwells at a level of competence rather than genius nevertheless produces a few choice flowers. Here is one. By any standards, this *Requiem* is a lovely song.

P. T. B.

Gramophone Records

Gaspard le Roux: Pièces de Clavessin—1705.

Albert Fuller, harpsichord.

Overtone 15.

In conjunction with:

Gaspard le Roux: Pieces for Harpsichord, edited, with a preface, by Albert Fuller. (Alpeg Editions, pub. for Alpeg Editions by C. F. Peters.)

In his fine book on Couperin-le-Grand Wilfrid Mellers writes: "[Both this fact] and the quality of the music argue strongly in favour of a modern edition; the pieces would make a fascinating contribution to two-piano literature". Here is such an edition, following the Amsterdam edition of 1706, of the pieces for one and for two harpsichords, with an excellent record of the single harpsichord pieces complete. One approaches records by small or little known companies with caution; but this is unnecessary in this case, for this is one of the finest recordings of the harpsichord I have ever heard; the scale is exactly right, the basic recording excellent, and the instrument a lovely one. Moreover, the performance is most expert, and the music enchanting. Little is known about Gaspard le Roux. He was well known as a harpsichordist during the reign of the Sun-King, and was thus a contemporary of Couperin, but his music represents a slightly earlier stage of development. There is nothing primitive about it, by any means; rather is it statuesque, formal, less concerned with sensibility than Couperin, and less descriptive; on the other hand, there is nothing here like the dark and daunting Passacaglia, with its surprising strength and passion, that is Couperin's masterpiece of harpsichord music. Le Roux's Suites are like classical inscriptions on marble; lovely, small, perfect. A feature of their form is that each is prefaced by a prelude written in bare lines of semibreves, scantily figured, as a basis for improvisation.

The production of the printed music is excellent, with a long and careful preface by Mr. Fuller, covering every aspect of the music, its history, editing, and performance. Facsimiles of pages from the original, Amsterdam 1705, edition are given, with a specimen realization of one of the skeleton preludes. (In the music they are given in their original, unrealized state.) The book is in the oblong format sacred to organ music, with the parts for the two harpsichord suites printed under each other on the same page. The printing and paper are excellent. Altogether a find, and very nicely produced.

P. J. P.

PETER GRIMES REVIVED

Britten: Peter Grimes.

Chorus and Orchestra of the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, c. Britten.

Peter Grimes	Peter Pears
Ellen Orford	Claire Watson
Captain Balstrode	James Pease
Hobson	Dayid Kelly

Swallow	Owen Brannigan
Mrs. Sedley	Lauris Elms
Auntie.. ..	Jean Watson
Niece I	Marion Studholme
Niece II	Iris Kells
Bob Boles	Raymond Nilsson
The Rector	John Lanigan
Ned Keene	Geraint Evans
John	Marcus Norman

Decca LXT 5521-3.*

"Revived" is to be understood in a literal sense: for once, a gramophone recording sounds more vital than many a performance one can remember. The chief credit goes, of course, to the composer-conductor, who was perhaps helped by the circumstance that he had not directed the work before. The resultant vividness is exceptional, even amongst his self-interpretations, and his sharp thematic characterizations never lose, and sometimes even gain, by speed. For speed there is—as was only to be expected. Composers tend to take their past fast, not only because they sometimes want to get over what they have got over, but also because, *ceteris paribus*, comprehension increases pace; and it is not only the player and listener, but also the composer himself whose understanding of the music increases—articulates itself—with the years. Even if one assumes, as one probably must, that fifteen years ago, Reginald Goodall took the composer's own *tempi* on the slow side, most of the present *tempi* are still distinctly on the quick side. But there seems to be only one place where a minor musical accident results from careful yet dangerous driving: the return to the principal *tempo* of the storm Interlude after the *largamente*: owing to the fact that the latter section is itself driven very hard, the resumption of the *presto con fuoco*, now underlined in the score by an *impetuoso*, hardly comes off; the impression is that of a slight anti-climax, a *tempo* that is out of pace with, lags behind the implied movement of the theme.

Otherwise, however, we hear new differentiations and variations of *tempo* such as we often dreamt of but never hoped to find realized. While Hobson's "I have to go from pub to pub", for instance, is livelier than we have ever heard it before, Ellen's subsequent "The carter goes from pub to pub" gives greater weight to the *pesante* character of the tune and so intensifies the dramatic significance of the build-up as well as meeting the purely musical requirements of *tempo* variation.

Nor, indeed, must it be assumed that everything is simply faster than it used to be. While it is true, for instance, that the *allegro molto* refrain "We live and let live, and look—We keep our hands to ourselves" is slightly on the fast side, the preceding and succeeding *andante tranquillo* is stressedly restrained in speed, thus creating a much sharper contrast than we had hitherto known. It might, incidentally, be noted that while this *andante* is in fact markedly slower than Goodall's was, it is still faster than the composer's own metronome mark ($\text{♩} = 40$) indicates! This does not, in my submission, mean that Goodall used to be much too quick and Britten still is a little too quick, but rather that even in the most favourable of circumstances, composers' metronome directions have to be received with sceptical caution. Whenever one wants to fix a metronome figure, that is to say, one is confronted with a dilemma: either one does it without reference to the metronome, in which case one is almost bound to err slightly, because the precise tick-tock can only be remembered if one hasn't got a musical thought in one's head; or else one checks against the metronome, in which case the unrhythmical metre of the machine easily disturbs the rhythmic flow of one's musical thoughts and one finds oneself in the frustrating position of being unable to "play" the metronome.

It would be unrealistic to criticize the incidental shortcomings of a production that is unlikely to be improved upon in the foreseeable future. At the same time, for the sake of the development of commercial recording as a whole, it must be said that there are a

* Strongly recommended.

number of defects which could have been avoided—and I have enough recording experience to know that my criticisms are practically relevant. Major flaws in intonation, for example, need not have been perpetuated; there are distonations which one might not have tolerated in a radio recording, where the opportunities for retakes are much more limited—even on the Continent, whose radio stations are famed for their abuse of their relative freedom to retake. The duet between Peter and Ellen, for instance, is out of tune, especially where it grows monotonal in octave unison, and the chorus at the beginning of act I sings flat, particularly on the C sharp (which is rectified at "O cold", without lasting effect on the further intonation). Again, Ellen's exposed top A flat in her first aria is flat, and in the church scene the chorus is at loggerheads with herself and the orchestra.

A graver and more ominous defect, even in this monophonic version, is its stereomania. I readily admit that some of the problems of spatial acoustics are wonderfully solved: the disappearance of the procession towards the end of the second act's first scene, for instance, or its approach, in the next scene, towards Grimes' hut. But a good half of the space effects are quite unnecessary and often harmful. Right at the beginning, Grimes' voice is remote, with disturbing consequences for the musical texture. I had no idea what this gimmick was supposed to signify, until I came across an article on "*Peter Grimes in Stereo*" by the gifted Eric Smith (a member of the Classical Artists and Repertoire Department of the Decca Record Company).^{*} There I read how "the stereophonic sound underlines the drama: Peter's loneliness in the Court scene . . .". So that was it! But Peter's loneliness is *composed*, anyway, and the sound on the record bears no relation to the sound in the theatre. The automatic tendency to replace visual by acoustic spacing springs from a psychological fallacy (and no doubt gratifies inartistic needs for acoustic "realism" on the part of unimaginative listeners). The assumption is that without visual definition, the mind remains empty on the visual side until our stereophonic experts supply it with spatial news. What happens to the imaginative mind in reality is that it spontaneously pictures the scene and, to that extent, hears the musical drama spatially anyway, with the result that a stereophonic device which does not conform with the spontaneous picture may upset more than it helps. I was amused to read in Mr. Smith's article that "many listeners . . . are not perfectly attuned to the stereo effect of placing and movement. They have been known to praise the vivid stage sense of a 'production', in productions where in fact the singers stood in front of one microphone throughout . . .". I feel with those listeners. They seem to be musical enough naturally to produce for themselves the illusion of spatial "solidity" simply through the implications of the texture and its performance. That a listener should be invited to "attune himself perfectly to the stereo effect of placing and movement" seems to me the height of absurdity. It's the gramophone that has to "attune itself" to the musical listener. The next thing we'll hear will be that the composer has to attune himself to spatial fiddling on the part of the technicians. What, paradoxically, the stereo-maniac approach tends to result in is a diminution of spatial contrast, which happens in more than one instance in the present recording. If Peter were fully "on" at the beginning, for instance, his real "off" at "Hi! Give us a hand" would be far more effective.

Benjamin Britten apart, the performance is carried by Peter Pears, whose interpretation has gained in depth and finesse. Miss Watson, on the other hand, sometimes sings too much and thinks too little: there is a certain lack of characterization here, both dramatically and strictly musically, *i.e.* motivically, thematically. Owen Brannigan is the only member of the original cast aside from Peter Pears; his part has lost none of its characteristic strength.

I have not heard the stereophonic version, but on the basis of the monophonic set I do not hesitate to recommend this as almost certainly superior: I shudder to think of some of those stereo effects when wholly successful.

H. K.

^{*} *The Gramophone*, October, 1959.

Vivaldi: Concertos—In D minor for two oboes, in G for oboe and bassoon, and two in C for two oboes and two clarinets.

Caroldi and Alvarosi (oboes), Schiani and Jerbi (clarinets), Bianchi (bassoon) and Gli Accademici di Milano, c. Santi. Vox DL 450.*

Lalo: Cello Concerto in D minor.

Saint-Saëns: Cello Concerto in A minor, op. 33, and

Fauré: Elegie for cello and orchestra, op. 24.

Cassado and Bamberg S.O., c. Perlea.

Vox PL 10,920.

This present Vox Vivaldi offering of oboe and clarinet double concertos is especially welcome after several spates of violin issues, works some of which we knew either *via* Bach or *au naturel*. There are hundreds of Vivaldi compositions still unknown in performance; and the world is such these days that no Mendelssohn will arise to do for him what was done for Bach. And the critics are too involved in persuading us that Schönberg, Berg and Webern were better composers than we think, to bother about the acres of manuscript Vivaldi filled with his genius. So let those whose hearts can still be charmed, and who, once in that happy state of grace, don't give a damn where music comes in history or technique, sing the praises of the great Venetian—and buy these records. What can one say of the works that matters? Only perhaps to paraphrase the best line of an indifferent poetess, "a concerto is a concerto is a concerto". Performances have an effortless grace and the engineering is splendid.

Listening to the three French concerted works for cello at one sitting was, for me, like enduring a salon where the talk is smooth, polite and, at times, clever. Clever, too, the way the cello is *always* allowed to be heard—as the lion of the party should, though he be of modest voice. And who is the shy little man at the party? That is Gabriel Fauré dreaming briefly about beauty, whilst Lalo and Saint-Saëns talk brilliantly and too long about nothing.

Throughout Vox' recording the cello tone range is most beautifully and comprehensively captured.

Beethoven: Complete Works for cello and piano:—Sonatas in F and G minor, op. 5; in A, op. 69; and in C and D, op. 102. Variations on "Bei Männern, welche Liebe fühlen" and "Ein Mädchen" from The Magic Flute and on a theme from Judas Maccabeus.

Joseph Schuster (cello) and Friedrich Wührer (piano).

Vox VBX 8 (3 records).*

Schuster and Wührer play so magnificently, and it is so pleasant a thing to have the complete cello-piano duos in one cover and from the same hands, that I have fallen for the issue with a star. But not unreservedly. Not to clutter up this notice with too much research, I must at least say that Nelsova/Balsam/Decca (MR, Aug., 1957) make a better all-round job of the great A major Sonata, though only just. Yet their versions of the Handel and Mozart variations do not compare with these present. I spent all my listening time trying to sort out this anomaly. And the answer is that the Schuster-Wührer combination play with greater clarity and precision—virtues which score heavily and are quickly apparent in Beethoven's variations. And it is, simply the remarkable clarity of the separate instrumental parts that makes these performances outstanding.

The overall concept of the sonatas is heroic, and it comes off at the expense of some lyrical graces. But the issue is most impressive as a whole.

J. B.

Correspondence

Department of Music,
King's College,
Newcastle upon Tyne, 1.
14th June, 1960.

To the Editor of THE MUSIC REVIEW.

DR. GILLIES WHITTAKER

SIR,—The review of the late Dr. W. G. Whittaker's monumental work, *The Cantatas of J. S. Bach: Sacred and Secular* (May, 1960), filled me with a depression which was alleviated only by your editorial comment at its conclusion.

Working in the same College, the same Department and the same field as the author (and looking daily at the magnificent Epstein bronze of his head), I cannot fail to abound in enthusiasm and respect for his life's work. Yet why, oh! why, could not this work have been published twenty years ago when it would have made a worth-while impact? All serious Bach students know about the current issues in the Neue Bach-Ausgabe series of the complete works and take the trouble to keep abreast of the new knowledge presented, but the critical commentaries appear in German and the not-so-serious student will probably prefer to consult Whittaker.

Let us be tolerant, but at the same time let us have the truth whenever and wherever it is possible to bring it to light. I will be content to take up a single point in the review (page 157, last paragraph), which refers to the *Magnificat* for Solo Soprano. This composition is not by Bach. Space will be saved if reference is made to the joint article, "An Investigation into the authenticity of Bach's *Kleine Magnificat*", in *Music & Letters*, Vol. 36, no. 3, July, 1955, p. 233 ff., and the two facsimile pages which follow it. It is worth placing on record that publication of the *Magnificat* volume (NBA Series II, Vol. 3) was held up until this investigation was completed.

Yours sincerely,

FREDERICK HUDSON.

2, Crescent Road,
Wimbledon,
London, S.W.20.

18th June, 1960.

To the Editor of THE MUSIC REVIEW.

VERDI

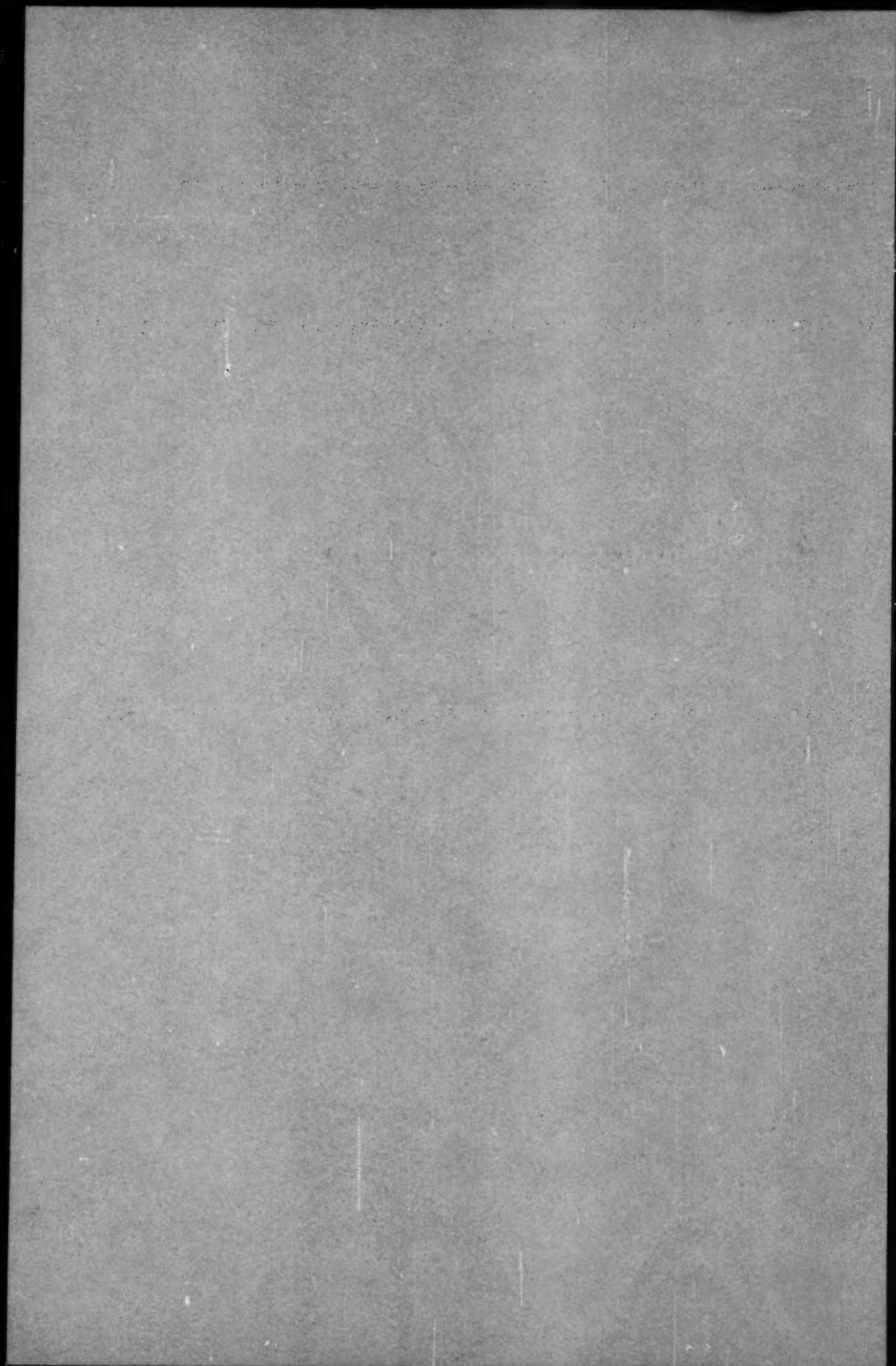
SIR,—I have read Mr. Frank Walker's letter in your May issue with great interest. Verdi's unexpectedly laudatory reference to *La Wally* certainly strengthens his case that the letters hostile to Catalani (and reprinted by Abbiati in his monumental work) may be forgeries. Nevertheless, we should take into account the occasional unpredictableness of Verdi's judgments. Moreover, his remark regarding Catalani's "perhaps exaggerated ideas on the importance to be given to the orchestra" verges on the ludicrous. In *La Wally* Catalani succeeds in achieving an almost perfect balance between voices and orchestra; he certainly does not give the orchestra more prominence than did Verdi himself in *Otello*.

Verdi's occasionally unreasonable attitude to his younger contemporaries emerges most forcibly in his extremely dogmatic and denunciatory summing-up of Mascagni's *L'Amico Fritz*. To him this melodious and not in the least revolutionary little opera is the merest cacophony—"full of dissonances", etc. It is true that he subsequently makes handsome amends by praising enthusiastically the same composer's unjustly decried: *Guglielmo Ratcliff*. Now *Fritz* and *Ratcliff* are perhaps Mascagni's two most beautiful operas—then why damn the former and exalt the latter? Despite so many admirable qualities, Verdi was capable of such an almost inexplicable *volte-face*. But it is precisely this characteristic that makes one still wonder whether the letters hostile to Catalani may not in the end prove to be true after all! Verdi was, moreover, a man of exceptionally tenacious prejudices, as Mr. Walker himself has emphasized.

May I conclude by drawing Mr. Walker's attention to one detail? He refers to Ponchielli's letter regarding Verdi and Puccini, and addressed to his "fiancée" Teresa Brambilla. In 1885 when this letter was written, Teresa had been Ponchielli's wife for eleven years.

Yours faithfully,

JOHN W. KLEIN.



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